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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Many accounts by personal survivors from the earthquake have been in the papers. Whether they have always been circumstantially accurate may be doubted; but hardly any story could be so wild as to be incredible in such scenes. What is free from every suspicion is the splendid service of the sailors of various countries. Conspicuous amongst them have been British sailors, who have won praise from their own King and gratitude from the King of Italy. At the most critical moment the presence of the Italian King and Queen had a great moral influence as necessary as actual physical rescue work. For the purpose of relieving the temporary distress the funds that have been opened almost all over the world will do a good deal. The Mansion House Fund quickly reached over £70,000. Afterwards there remains the problem of what Italy will do to replant Messina and Reggio and other towns. It is inconceivable that they will be abandoned, and the King is said to have strongly resented the suggestion when made.

A conflict, however desperate, between Indian Mohammedans and Hindus over the sacrifice of kine, or some other religious ceremony, is no new development. The significance of the present riots in Calcutta is their coincidence or connexion with the seditious or anarchist movement organised by the Hindus and opposed by the Mohammedans. The incident and the feeling it discloses cast a rather lurid side-light on the difficulties attending any doctrinaire scheme for securing proper representation of Mohammedan minorities. The laws of arithmetic will not protect them, Lord MacDonnell's calculations notwithstanding.

The Mohammedans are more alive than Lord MacDonnell to the difficulties of protecting themselves against

their astute rivals. For instance, the MacDonnell calculation assumes that there will be only one Mohammedan candidate, or, if more than one, that all the Mohammedan members of the Electoral College will plump for the same man. If this gratuitous assumption be granted, the figures may be worked to bring out the desired result—on paper. But the skilful organisers on the other side will see that there are several candidates and that the Mohammedan vote is split; and the Hindus, voting solid, would carry all seats. There are many other possibilities which may defeat mere arithmetic. It would be easy enough to secure fair representation if both sides really wished for it. But that is the last thing Hindu faction would wish.

The British Indian question in the Transvaal is not dead yet; and will not die so long as certain serious grievances under which the Indians there suffer remain. It is satisfactory to find from a letter, published in the "Times" on Wednesday, that a portion at least of the white population recognise the British Indian case, and are able to look at the question from something more than a merely local point of view. No doubt we shall be told that those who are behind this letter do not count; that they are not representative. One is always apt to think those who do not agree with us do not count. At any rate the letter is signed by representatives of many elements in the white population; barristers, clergymen, merchants, accountants, shopkeepers. They ask for the repeal of the Asiatic Law Amendment Act, which is peculiarly offensive to British Indians and in practice has broken down, and that educated Indian British subjects should be allowed to enter the Colony under the ordinary Immigration Law. We trust these most moderate demands will be granted. Justice and Imperial policy alike require it.

It is not easy to say whether Lord Curzon is right or his opponents as to the Indian Museum. Lord Curzon says this great collection leaves a general impression of Indian art, which its various items scattered over the Victoria and Albert Museum could not do. The total effect would not be weakened merely, but lost. This seems to be true. But it is also true, as put on the other side,

that very few ever look into the Indian Museum, so that a far larger number would see these things if transferred to the art museum; and thus Lord Curzon's own Imperial object be better served. Would it not be possible to gain both ends by devoting a whole wing or court of the Victoria and Albert entirely to the Indian collection? It would then be housed in the far more popular art museum—the natural home, we must admit, of an art collection—and still be kept together, a whole, by itself.

Chinese news this week is very far from reassuring. Most people here pay too little attention to affairs in China to realise the significance of the dismissal with disgrace of Yuan Shih-kai, formerly Viceroy of Chih-li, perhaps the most important province in China, and since then a member of the Grand Council and of the Foreign Board. Yuan Shih-kai is not only the ablest public man in China, but he is the one man there who is able to gauge intelligently China's position among the Great Powers of the world. But for him the Boxer outbreak would almost certainly have ended in the destruction of the Legations; which would have opened a chapter of dangers for Europe whose end no one could foresee. Yuan Shih-kai's fall is a bitter sarcasm on much silly optimism about China which has lately been the vogue. It is evident that old bad influences are again asserting themselves. Meantime Japan, and apparently Russia, are not regretful of Yuan Shih-kai's disappearance; so they will not join in any joint diplomatic "representations". Small loss; representations count for nothing at Peking.

The Shah's troubles, domestic and foreign, increase. One of his generals, by seizing various sums of money belonging to the Imperial Bank of Persia, has given a new turn to British protests, and the Baktiaris have made themselves masters of Ispahan and proclaimed their chief, Samsem es Sultaneh, Governor. It seems that the Baktiaris have made up their minds to have a Parliament. That is quite the latest of the Eastern symptoms of Western fever. When a tribe of nomads demands a parliament, the tenant of the ivory throne might sneer but he can hardly smile. Yet he persists in his refusal to withdraw his withdrawal of the Constitution, and his abolition proclamation is now being circulated broadcast throughout the provinces.

In the present nervousness of the Near East everything said or done by prominent persons may become the cause of "tension". Hence when M. Milovanovitch, the Serbian Foreign Minister, said that Austria had made "slaves" of the Bosnians it was at once reported that Austria had sent an "ultimatum" to Serbia demanding an apology from M. Milovanovitch if the report was authentic, or threatening the withdrawal of the Austrian Minister from Belgrade. There is some doubt whether the Austrian Government took the thing quite so seriously as was stated, but in any case M. Milovanovitch explained or explained away what he said—it was "subjects" not "slaves". He had in fact to say something strong to soothe Serbian susceptibilities, but not strong enough to give Austria real ground of complaint, and this, apparently with great ingenuity, he would have done had it not been for the "mistranslation".

But Austria clearly does not intend to tolerate Serbian swagger for ever, though that little bantam State may not mean blows. If she does, it will only be under the impression that someone will save her, when she is down, from the consequences of her fatuity. She might know better when she remembers the fate of Greece. Europe cannot tolerate being worried by a blood-stained polity which would really be better off if absorbed by some more respectable neighbour. In the case of a struggle Bulgaria would take the side of Austria. Tsar Ferdinand has undoubtedly given pledges to Kaiser Franz Josef, and will almost certainly settle his difficulties with Turkey on the basis of a reasonable indemnity. If Austria and Turkey come to terms, Serbia and Montenegro will not have even as much chance of disturbing Europe as they have now.

By the way, an amusing story in the quarterly journal of the Palestine Exploration Fund shows how the fellahin of Jerusalem understand the new Turkish Constitution. "Houriah", which means "liberty", they think means freedom to do what they like. "A fellah entered a shop, took up an article and coolly walked off with it. The shopkeeper called him back, and asked him for the value. He replied 'Houriah'. Then the shopkeeper took the article from him and gave him a good beating, repeating the word 'houriah' while he did so." That is the worst of too much liberty. The other fellow who is stronger than you are may break every bone in your body if you take a liberty with him, or even if he pretends you do, and there is nobody to stop him when he has just given you exactly what you may deserve.

A Cabinet crisis in France on Tuesday apparently did not last more than twelve hours. M. Clemenceau, with all his faults, has been too sensible hitherto to tolerate the anarchy desired by Socialists and Anti-militarists, so he has become unpopular with those of his supporters who approximate to that section of the once homogeneous Bloc. But now it appears that he has climbed down and proposes to do what he refused to do before Christmas and amnesty the Draveil rioters. He has also given way on the question of capital punishment—at least a compromise has been arrived at. The wish of the Chamber to retain the death sentence will be respected, but the President will take care that it is never carried out. M. Clemenceau evidently means to remain Premier as long as he can, but the one quality he had distinguishing him from his predecessors, a determination to preserve law and order, seems to be leaving him.

The Government, however, has been successful in the Senatorial elections; it always is, naturally. A French Government is able to control elections. But this time the Senators returned are too advanced even for the staunch Republicans; if they revise, they will revise in a revolutionary sense. This is really most embarrassing both for the Ministry and its supporters. Hitherto they have always been able to excuse themselves for not carrying advanced measures on the ground that the reactionary Senate stood in the way. Now the Senate will be pining for violent legislation, and the Chamber and the Government will have to do something to insure their return to power, for really with the increase of salary a Deputy's post is quite a nice thing for an impecunious professional man.

We trust that the reports of the King of Portugal's illness are exaggerated, if not wholly untrue. A pathetic figure, in the awful circumstances of his accession, and romantic, in his youth's appeal to all chivalrous instinct, King Manuel must attract a unique interest amongst the Sovereigns of smaller States. His life is Portugal's greatest security against general disorder. The Republicans, few but keen, would be only too glad to turn any national distress to their party's account; and the old rotative organisations are too rotten to steady the country through a crisis. The people are not rotten, but unorganised what can they do?

President Roosevelt is determined to die hard, fighting Congress to the end. So far he has always come out top, because the American public distrusts its Legislature and likes its President. Constitutionally President Roosevelt has often, we should say generally, been wrong; but what does that matter? The American people are rapidly moving away from their canonised Constitution. This time Mr. Roosevelt has drawn Congress by slighting remarks on its treatment of the Secret Service. There is even talk of what we should call a vote of censure on him for this. But the President has countered by hurling at Congress a mass of papers which Congress will be equally afraid to publish or suppress. Now the Senate has picked a quarrel of its own with the President. It wanted to know why the Administration did not take action against the Steel Trust for absorbing its only rival, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, and

asked the Attorney-General for particulars. Mr. Roosevelt bluntly challenges their right to ask anything of one of his Ministers, who he holds are responsible to him (and, we presume, to Heaven) alone.

Mr. Chamberlain's New Year message is heartening. It not only inspires halting fiscal reformers, if there be any, but shows Mr. Chamberlain alert as ever. The practical businesslike message is what we expect from Mr. Chamberlain. The year 1909 may bring a dissolution of Parliament. Tariff reformers must be ready to change places with the Radical majority. Progress so far has been "very satisfactory", but there must be no slackening. Tariff reformers must be prepared to table their proposals directly the voters have declared in their favour. The warning is not as obvious as it might seem. To win and then occupy years in discovering how to adapt principles to practice would be fatal. A Tariff Reform Administration must be as prompt to put their pledges in legislative form as was Mr. Gladstone over Home Rule.

Mr. Chamberlain will find in the Board of Trade Returns for the past nine months no evidence that he was as hopelessly "wide" in his prophecies as his critics assert. Taken together British imports and exports compared with 1907 are down by £101,000,000 for the three quarters of 1908. They are not even up to the 1906 level. And we are asked to take comfort from the facts that imports for December showed an improvement. In not one of the nine months was there an increase in exports, the result being a falling-off of £45,000,000 in British manufactured goods sold abroad. It is poor consolation in such circumstances that we imported some £12,000,000 less of foreign manufactures. What we want is to import less and export more. Even Free Trade optimism must be sorely tried by the record of 1908.

Decisions in the Courts are beginning to show the Patents Act of 1907 in effective operation. Foreign manufacturers who have taken out British patents are discovering that they cannot evade the provision that they must make the article here really and truly if they want protection. The latest decision is as to an American sewing machine patented here and which has now two years to run. The patentees asserted that they could only get their machine made properly in America, and they had no intention of erecting works here or employing British makers. The patent was revoked.

Very probably now British manufacturers will prove that they can make quite as good machines. German manufacturers can already do it by the confession of the American manufacturers themselves. They pleaded that if their patent were revoked in Great Britain, the Germans would send the machines here. In Germany they made them because the patent was not protected in Germany. Now the patent is revoked, there will be open competition between German and British manufacturers. British manufacturers will have fair play, and all they have to do is to make as good machines as the Germans. The Germans have been complaining of our new patent law; but very unreasonably, as it is not so stringent as their own. This case shows it benefits them. If the patent had not been revoked, they could not have sent their machines here for two years more. And why should they not pay an import duty for the privilege? This would be their plan; why not also ours?

What are Havana cigars? The firm of Godfrey Phillips and Son, of Spitalfields, are waiting for an answer from Mr. Cluer. Some of the witnesses for the prosecution will have it that you cannot buy real Havanas for less than £3 10s. a hundred, and that the whole of the leaf must be of Cuban tobacco and made in the island of Cuba. Messrs. Phillips had on their boxes "Guaranteed British make", which seems honest and frank enough; but the prosecuting counsel went on to say that "the polyglot tobacco collected from various parts of England or elsewhere made and blended in London should be described as London-made cigars, and then there would be no

objection". But Messrs. Phillips' counsel also put a question: "If I suggest to you that the outer leaf of these 'Bella de Cuba' is Havana tobacco, and of the finest quality, do you deny it?" The witness said he did not deny it, but doubted it; and he was of opinion that no cigar of Havana leaf made in London would taste like an Havana cigar. For further information we must wait until 26 January.

Mr. Wallace K.C., the Chairman at Newington Sessions, pointed out to the Grand Jury some of the advantages of the amalgamation of the North and South London Sessions. He might have added that it would be a good lead for a similar amalgamation of the criminal business in the country on Circuits and at Quarter Sessions, as urged by Sir Harry Poland. For North and South London there will in future be only two instead of three sessions a month; this means the release of 500 Grand Jurymen and 1,100 petty jurymen in the course of the year. What inconvenience and vexation and loss this will save tradesmen who have to serve on juries! Besides this, prisoners will be tried within a few days of committal. In the country they have often to wait months; and then may be acquitted. Every humane improvement in our criminal trials and prison administration tends to decrease criminality; and Mr. Wallace points to the movement in this direction as accounting for the remarkable diminution in the number of prisoners for trial at his Courts. From a Judge of his experience this is very valuable testimony.

The question of "kissing the book" has again been raised. It cannot be raised too often until a dirty and undignified way of taking the oath has been abolished. Mr. Cane, the Chairman of the Surrey Quarter Sessions, proposes to compound with the dirt by allowing witnesses to kiss the inside of the book. Doctors often do this *faute de mieux*. After a time the book would open at the same place, and—the result be the same. Colonel Mapleson the impresario recently told of a prima donna who got a malignant itch in the throat and, besides the humiliation of the disease, lost her fees. The Scotch method is an alternative, but most people do not know it, or they are too nervous to make a fuss, and the officials do not like to be bothered with what they have not been accustomed to. This, or something like it, ought to be adopted. In Scotland the Judge and witness stand with uplifted hand facing each other. The words appeal to the judgment of God on false evidence. Our oath contains no words in terrorem. It is cheapened and vulgarised by much affidavit making. There is nothing to be said for the custom, and it would be more honoured in the breach than the observance.

It is amusing to see the half-shamefaced way in which Liberal newspapers have sought to make political capital out of old-age pensions. Mr. Asquith knew it would make his party ridiculous if the Liberal Associations celebrated Pension Day as they were planning to do: and so their ingenuous efforts were discouraged. But the temptation was too strong to resist suggesting or demonstrating in print that Codlin is the friend not Short. As the bill has not come in yet, let us all, Liberals and Conservatives, together rejoice in making the old people happy. When it does come in, Conservatives will have to pay their share. In the meantime one may reflect, too, on the strange fact that the prospect of receiving five shillings a week has killed several pensioners. If we were sure that the reporter is not at his usual game we should be touched with the pathos of the old lady who declared her two half-crowns to be the only gift she had ever received in her life. And was there really another who demanded to be paid at a separate counter from the common people? But this must be true. She is more credible than the couple with over £1000 between them, considerable house property, and pensions from other sources.

Lord Ardilaun, we observe, has weakened on the matter of placing the Gladstone tablet on his house. Not weakened perhaps in his determination to refuse; but in the reason he gives for his refusal. He now puts

it on the ground of taste; no longer of principle. The County Council wanted to put up a flaunting affair; and anybody might object, without distinguishing himself, to the County Council's bad taste. Lord Ardilaun stood for more than this before his declension. He represented the right of all of us to hate Gladstone if we choose. Lord Ardilaun was the champion of a cause: he no longer arouses enthusiasm. Even if he insists that the tablet shall be so small that it cannot be seen except through the wide end of a telescope, he has taken all the fury out of the fray. Tennyson set just as bad an example. He refused to sit down with Gladstone at dinner one evening; but hesitated and was lost. He was even eager to meet him at breakfast next morning.

The new appointment to S. Paul's must be taken as a solatium to the Bishop of Hereford. Mr. Asquith's sense of duty was too strong to allow him to make Dr. Perceval Archbishop of York; but he sees his way to make Dr. Perceval's protégé a canon of S. Paul's. He has ignored the S. Paul's theological tradition. We admit he has a right to do it. Mr. Asquith might argue that no great ecclesiastical centre should be associated with a particular school of theology. But he ought to weigh whether the change is likely to work well in practice.

It would be difficult to find fault with the appointment of Mr. A. H. Smith to the keepership of the Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum. This is saying a great deal, for finding fault is generally easy. Colleagues in most departments know how to criticise one another; perhaps even in the British Museum. Yet we doubt if anyone would question the rightness of Mr. A. H. Smith's appointment. He has the knowledge required, and after all knowledge is the main thing. At least it seems reasonable to demand from a man who is to administer certain things some knowledge of the things he is going to administer. The condition, however, is not always observed.

It has apparently been decided to revive annually the custom of celebrating Wolfe's birthday in his native village of Westerham. Wolfe's name means so much to the Empire that it is almost a pity the function cannot be held in the Metropolis. That was a picturesque touch of Mr. Beckles Willson at Saturday's dinner when he said a Westerham man who proclaimed himself in the backwoods of Canada would be sure of a great reception. But what did Mr. A. G. Bradley mean by his statement that, as a matter of fact, Canada was founded by the Empire Loyalists, who went to Canada at a time when it was held by the French? Who held Quebec against the revolting Colonists? The Canadian population may have been overwhelmingly French, but Quebec was held by the British with their partial assistance. Again, whoever confused Wolfe with the writer of the verses on Sir John Moore, the centenary of whose death has, curiously enough, been commemorated this week? Mr. Bradley has done Wolfe's memory service by his writings, but he must not spoil that service by suggestions, however vague, that he discovered Wolfe.

Father John of Kronstadt was a saint, if there was ever one, after the order of tradition. The stern ascetic, the scholar, who drew rich and poor from all parts to share in his gift of healing, who, made rich by their thank-offerings, was yet always poor—so little did he keep for himself—who preached unceasingly the need for repentance, without enticing words but with fiery force—this was a saint, as against the world, whom for that very reason the world believed in. There are other types of goodness—not less good—but this the highest ecclesiastical type—eikon ecclesiastike—has its own appeal that never fails. Surely no one can be surprised at Father John's denunciations of Tolstoi. This noble type, gentle to sinners, is always intolerant of the false teacher. Tolstoi was to John a renegade. He denied the supreme articles of Father John's faith, and spread a false gospel. How could he be otherwise than intolerant of Tolstoi?

SERVIAN FLAPDOODLE.

ALTHOUGH the telegrams are not altogether clear, it would seem that Serbia has withdrawn her defiance of Austria and does not mean to show fight, at all events for the present. An excuse which has done good service before in circumstances somewhat similar is advanced to clear the air. There was, it appears, the mistranslation of a word, the result of which was to make it appear that Austria had made "slaves" of the Bosnians, whereas M. Milovanovitch really intended to say that she had made "subjects" of them. This being so, we are given to understand that no insult was intended, and therefore we may presume that M. Milovanovitch will retain his place. We hope for more reasons than one that this may be so, for hitherto he has exercised a moderating influence over the fire-eating section whose champion is the Crown Prince. In the circumstances he had to say something strong, or he might have been forced into resignation, when the danger of war might have been really grave, for King Peter would have been obliged to put a more violent man in his place. But we have good grounds for hoping that the danger, if there was any, may have receded for the moment, and that the questions at issue still remain open for settlement. It has been argued with a certain amount of force that Austria should have ignored the vapourings of the Servian Foreign Minister and treated such "flapdoodle" as merely for home consumption, and Serbia generally as too contemptible an antagonist, even potential, to be taken seriously. But the outcome of any war in the Near East is too problematic in its possible developments for any State which threatens to begin to be ignored as a negligible quantity. It is wiser therefore to nip such menaces, by whomsoever uttered, in the bud. It is for this reason that it is worth while to take notice of Serbia. While the disputes between Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey are still unsettled, it is specially desirable that Serbia should be kept in order. On that ground alone Austrian remonstrances, even if they have reached the extremity of an ultimatum, can be justified.

It is annoying for Europe that her statesmen should be obliged to concern themselves with a paltry item like Serbia at all, or at least for so long. There is nothing either in the history or the character of the people that deserves so much attention. The mere fact that they are noisy and excitable is not sufficient to justify special consideration. If in the end they compel reprisals of a warlike nature and they disappear from the map as a separate State, and are divided between Austria and Bulgaria, it would not only be a fit ending to the squalid drama of their independence, but would be in the end materially beneficial to the Servian population. No greater contrast could be found to the failure of Serbia as an independent State than the success of Bulgaria, which has been as practical and sensible as the Servians have been visionary and impracticable. No amount of wise advice impresses the Servians with the patent fact that Europe has no intention of encouraging their pretensions, and will not willingly move a finger to get them out of any difficulty into which their absurd vanity may plunge them. As the "Times" Balkan correspondent sensibly points out, they will not bestir themselves to secure real practical advantages which Europe might do something to get for them while they are gazing at airy visions of Tsar Dushan's empire or dreams equally nebulous.

The ridiculously exaggerated fiction of Servian grievances would never have received even the meed of contemptuous recognition in this country, were it not that Austria is for the moment unpopular here or suspect as the ally of Germany. A still stronger reason is to be found in the interest aroused by the inauguration of a Turkish Parliament, which, absurdly enough, is believed to mean a thorough change in all Turkish methods. Austria's move is thought to have injured the chances of the new Turkish régime. British resentment was therefore easy to stir up against Austria, and Serbia to that extent benefited. This is the real explanation of the British attitude, which is grossly exaggerated by our

press and is resented in turn by the Austrian journals in language grotesquely apocalyptic in its fury. All this is deplorable, because Austria is our oldest and most steadfast friend in Europe and a State with which it is impossible even to get up a valid ground of quarrel. Yet resentment is being aroused, on the Austrian side at least. It will be hard to suppress altogether for some time and it may be troublesome in the future. Some sympathy might well have been felt for Austria on the ground that the work she has effected in Bosnia and Herzegovina is closely analogous to what we have done in Egypt. Austria in Bosnia, as we in Egypt, has freed the peasantry from the spasmodic tyranny of a privileged class and substituted an orderly centralised government in its place. No doubt that dispossessed class would like to recover their position, and it may be that the peasantry, like the Egyptian fellaheen, may have short memories and be deficient in gratitude, but if we are honest we shall find the position of Austria much like our own. Should we be willing to abandon Egypt or Cyprus to Turkey on the ground that the Ottoman Government was reformed? With just as little reason can we expect Austria to refrain from establishing her position in Bosnia before a Turkish Parliament could interfere with it.

Doubtless the absurd pretensions of Serbia and Montenegro are based to a certain extent on the hope that the Pan-Slavic idea may cause dissension among the subjects of the Austrian Kaiser, and that, in the event of a war, the Slav elements in the empire might prove troublesome or even rise to help their "brethren" across the border. There is, however, no symptom of any such sentiment. It is far more probable that the Southern Slavs of Austria welcome the permanent addition to their numbers and look forward to obtaining from the Government in the near future further privileges as the result of stronger pressure. It would not have been surprising if the Magyars had resented the inclusion of a large Slav contingent in the Empire; but as they have raised no audible sign of dissatisfaction and seem, on the contrary, inclined to resent foreign interference, we may safely assume that Austria and Hungary are united in support of the Aehrenthal policy. As Hungary is taking this line, there is all the more reason that British expressions of opinion should be circumspect. There is every sign that Austro-Hungarian sentiment for once is solid in maintaining the attitude already taken up.

The fanfaronade of Serbia and Montenegro meets with no more response from Bulgaria, who is clearly intending to walk in this matter *pari passu* with Austria. Pan-Slavism has no attractions for the astute Ferdinand, and his last move has been so popular that his people have forgiven the previous causes for discontent which they had, or believed they had. The Bulgarians are much too practical to endanger themselves for the silly dreams of a people they have so much reason to despise as the Servians. Indeed, the only real danger at present is to be found in the unsettled claims of Turkey, to whom no doubt some kind of compensation is due from both Austria and Bulgaria. It surely cannot be impossible to find some means of satisfying Turkish honour, or, what is far more insistent, the Turkish need for ready cash. Austria would, we think, be well advised to make some reasonable money payment in return for the abrogation on her part of the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan over the annexed provinces. Bulgaria has already admitted her readiness to pay, and the only question is how much. A settlement of the matter is delayed, it is true, by the invincible dilatoriness of Oriental methods, but there can be little doubt that common-sense will triumph in the end. It is a pity, and greatly due to Press advertisement, that the pert fractiousness of two semi-barbarous and insignificant communities should be allowed to disturb the equanimity of Europe.

THE TURN OF THE CHINESE WHEEL.

THE latest episode in the Chinese drama cannot have greatly surprised anyone familiar with Mandarin peculiarities and with the state of political parties at Peking. Much was said in various quarters of the calm with which the change of rulers had been accomplished:

neither the title of the young Emperor nor the assumption by Prince Chun of the Regency had been challenged, and the control of affairs seemed to be in the hands of the Progressive leader, Yuan Shih-kai. But the SATURDAY remarked at the time (21 November) that the quiet was the quiet of lull probably rather than of acquiescence, and that a combination of reactionaries and eunuchs in favour of threatened sinecures and perquisites was a risk not to be ignored. That situation appears to have arisen, and reaction to have gained, once more, the upper hand. On a plea so inadequate as to be insolent, Yuan has been dismissed from his high offices and ordered curtly to return to Honan; his place on the Grand Council being taken by a Manchu, Na Tung, while his seat at the Foreign Board remains unfilled. It is a victory for the Manchus—an expression, to all appearance, of personal and political feud, but an expression also of a conflict that may at any moment become more acute. For the antagonism between progress and reaction is tending to become racial—an antagonism not only between parties but between Manchu and Chinese. The progressive movement originated with the Chinese. There are Manchus favourable to reform as there are Chinese in favour of stagnation; but it is true, broadly speaking, that the reforming element is Chinese and the reactionary element Manchu. The Reform leaders who were hurled from office—executed, banished, disgraced during the reaction which followed the Emperor's Reform Edicts in 1898—were Chinese; and the chief places thus vacated were filled preponderantly by Manchus. It was the Manchu element in the Grand Council which decided for war at the time of the Boxer outbreak; and the stand made by Yuan, then Governor of Shantung, in conjunction with the great Chinese Viceroy of Nanking and Wuchang, was largely instrumental in saving the Legations and in saving the dynasty from the consequences of the outrage. For Yuan was on the spot, and his well-trained troops would have added dangerously to the strength of the imperial force whose defeat broke the neck of the movement at Tientsin. Thus, for various causes, the division between Chinese and Manchu, never obliterated, has tended again, lately, to become acute. The Southern Chinese have always been irreconcilable, and Yuan (himself a native of Honan) had drawn around him many Cantonese whose fellow-provincials will hardly be placated by the fact that he is succeeded on the Grand Council by a Manchu. The Empress-Dowager had been brought to perceive the danger of this antagonism, and had issued edicts abolishing certain Manchu privileges and designed to remove distinctions which wise statesmanship would have suppressed long ago. Yuan Shih-kai was identified with this policy, which required time in any case for its fulfilment and which has fallen short, hitherto, as imperial decrees are wont to do, in practice. For various reasons he has come to be identified, therefore, not only with Reform in the abstract but with a Chinese party in the State; and Manchu hostility to him in both capacities has found an exponent, apparently, in Tieh Liang. Chinese or Manchu names convey little to the ordinary reader; but it may be worth recalling that Tieh Liang was the senior of the two officials who were appointed to control the Imperial Maritime Customs at the time of that notable change two years ago. The jealousy dates apparently from a time when the two were colleagues on the Board of War; and Tieh Liang succeeded in procuring the withdrawal of a moiety of the troops which Yuan, as Viceroy of Chih-li, had under his command. Personal as well as political motives combined, therefore, to mark the former out as leader of a cabal which was to drive the latter from power.

It would be rash to pretend to give an adequate explanation of any political episode at Peking. There is much probably behind the scenes that may or may never ultimately become known. The reasons which led the Regent, for instance, to acquiesce in the sudden dismissal of one whose views he had been assumed to share and upon whose support he had seemed willing to rely are at present quite obscure. He has had little time yet to consolidate his position, and may have felt obliged to swim with the tide; or he may remember Yuan's falsity to the Emperor Kwang Su, in divulging

to Yung Lu the purpose of suppressing him and the Dowager Empress, instead of executing the decree—for Prince Chun is, be it remembered, the late Emperor's brother! but there will be much left, after the deepest reflection, which the Palace only could disclose. Equally strange, probably, to the European reader will it appear that men in the position of Yuan Shih-kai should tamely accept dismissal and disgrace. But we have to recognise, in the first place, that everything—resistance as well as government—depends ultimately on force; and Yuan could, practically, dispose of none. It was a different thing when he was Viceroy of Chih-li and not only controlled but possessed the personal loyalty of the troops he had organised. It is a favourite device of the imperial authorities to summon to Peking great satraps who give evidence of power. There is glamour about a seat on the Grand Council or a Presidency of one of the Boards; but, for the reason probably that these positions are somewhat in the air, Viceroys prefer usually to retain their posts. How they manage to resist removal, and how that resistance is ultimately overcome, are points in Chinese government beyond European ken. What we can perceive is the sanctity of the imperial authority in ultimate resort. Resistance driven to rely on force becomes rebellion, and rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, blackening the faces of everyone concerned. It is true that the right of rebellion against misgovernment is in China an unwritten law; but the validity of that right depends on results. Heaven permits rebellion against a bad ruler, but the voice of Heaven is uncertain until it has been made clear through failure or success; and few care for the risk. Officials temporarily discredited count, moreover, on the turn of the tide. Unless his enemies carry their vindictiveness to a point more common in the Palace than in the Province, Yuan, for instance, counts doubtless on return; and there are risks in suppression as well as in rebellion which his opponents may not care to face. The Chinese Progressists may tolerate their champion's temporary effacement, but his death might excite anti-Manchu feeling to a dangerous extent.

In the meantime the Powers—or their representatives—are contemplating, Dr. Morrison tells us, "friendly representations", as if the authors of the intrigue cared for aught except their own interests and power! We made representations when the Customs were put under Chinese control in breach of the undertaking that they should remain undisturbed during the currency of loans which have still some decades to run; and we were assured, of course, that the change meant nothing—nothing, as the event has proved, but the creation of a college to train future Chinese employees, respecting whom it is now reported that the High Commissioner has arranged with the Acting Inspector-General that those who graduate with first-class honours will be appointed Deputy-Commissioners at once! The same delicate regard for the sensitiveness of people who were trying, nine years ago, to destroy the Legations will deter us of course from alluding to Yuan Shih-kai beyond the expression of a hope that his dismissal means nothing—"that the dismissal (that is to say) of the statesman whose presence in the Government inspired confidence abroad in its stability is not due to the reversal of the policy of which he was the recognised exponent". Of course the assurance will be given: assurances cost nothing; and one can perceive, even at this distance, the Mandarins smiling blandly in their sleeves. One good effect the episode may have: it may deter, temporarily, the United States from erecting its Legation into an Embassy. The project inspired the "Times" correspondent to express himself, a fortnight ago, in his happiest vein. "Foreigners admit" (he says) "that China is making progress, and are willing to forget the massacre of foreign women and children by imperial orders only ten years ago. . . . But while the progress is undeniable and full of hope for the future, it must not be forgotten that China has no budget, no rational financial system, no uniform currency; and . . . until polygamy and domestic slavery are abolished, the administration of justice reformed, and the barbarous extraction of evidence by torture is abandoned, China cannot aspire

to rank with the United States"! The contrast between the tenderness of the American official attitude towards China and the somewhat less than tender attitude of American citizens towards individual Chinese has always been rather marked; but even Washington must hesitate to affirm that a Government which can be so characterised, and whose aspirations are liable to be thwarted by episodes such as that we have been reviewing, should be recognised as a first-class Power. Besides the privileges inherent in an Ambassador—the right of personal audience, for instance, of the Emperor and of intercourse with the highest officials instead of irresponsible underlings—would be the last thing, surely, the Chinese desire. They would be flattered doubtless by the distinction; but—well—they would succeed, probably, in evading the rest.

MAGYAR NATIONALISM.

SOME weeks have now elapsed since Count Andrássy introduced the Bill which was to give Hungary the same form of universal suffrage as was conceded to Austria two years ago. The author of "The Resurrection of Hungary" contrasts tyrannical Austria with constitutional Hungary. Either he is woefully ignorant of the political situation in both countries or culpably misrepresents the real situation. Whilst Austria has shown its confidence in its people by adopting the same principle throughout and giving, with perhaps one exception, every nationality its fair share of representation in accordance with its population and its contributions to the national exchequer, Hungary has done its utmost to make universal suffrage illusory and to exclude the majority of its population from anything like a fair share of representation. Count Andrássy's Reform Bill is full of the most stringent safeguards, whose object is to preserve the supremacy not only of the Magyar race but also of the Magyar aristocracy. Every citizen with a twelve months' residential qualification will, it is true, enjoy the franchise in some shape or another so long as he is neither a policeman nor a soldier nor has in any way offended against the law. This last provision will exclude those Roumanians, Slovaks, Croats, Germans, Serbs and Ruthenians who have been found guilty of those indescribable political offences which are classed under the head of conspiracy against the Magyar State. Electors who can neither read nor write will not be allowed to vote directly, and must choose an intermediate elector for every ten of their number, this elector having the right to record his vote in their place. It is calculated that this provision will disfranchise some 65,000 voters who now exercise the franchise, as there are at this present moment 192,000 illiterate voters, and the 1,270,000 illiterates in Hungary will only be able to poll 127,000 votes. All other electors able to read and write but not possessing the qualifications necessary for the plural franchise will be entitled to one vote; and it is calculated that 1,404,000 voters will come under this heading. The second category, whose members are entitled to two votes, will include some 1,792,000 citizens, but the members of this category must have passed four standards in a secondary school, hold positions requiring knowledge equivalent to that required in four standards, be thirty-three years old, and have performed their military service and be fathers of three legitimate children, pay sixteen shillings and eightpence annually in direct taxation, have employed a male servant for five years, or have been for five years the salaried employee of the same master. Three votes are given to the third category, which includes some 653,000 electors who have passed the highest standards in the secondary schools, hold positions requiring equivalent knowledge, or pay £4 3s. 4d. in direct taxation. Through these three categories not only will the majority of the citizens belonging to the nationalities be swamped, but the working men, whether Magyar or Slav, will find their votes neutralised by the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy, for they will only have 1,342,000 votes out of a total of 3,976,000, or 35 per cent. of the whole. Then, again, there will be no secrecy of the ballot. The Magyar

magnate will be able to see that his Slav tenants and labourers vote for his own candidate; for, as Count Andrassy adds with audacious cynicism, "The secret ballot only protects electors in dependent positions in so far as they break promises under the veil of secrecy". When this dishonest measure, which professes to fulfil the solemn word of honour of Count Andrassy and his colleagues to give Hungary universal suffrage, has been carried it will be followed by a Redistribution Bill which those who know say will be a masterpiece in the art of gerrymandering, and may possibly even still further curtail the small representation which the Roumanians, Slovaks, and Germans now enjoy in the Parliament at Budapest. The author of "The Resurrection of Hungary" is never tired of contrasting Austrian perfidy with Hungarian straightforwardness. The Governments of both countries pledged themselves three years ago to give equal direct and universal suffrage to their citizens. By Austria this pledge has been fulfilled to the letter in almost every way, and the franchise was exercised at the last general election by every citizen on the same lines, with the exception of the Ruthenians, who inhabit the province of Galicia and enjoy home rule under Polish supremacy.

The fact is that Hungary is in an extremely difficult position. The Magyars do not represent anything approaching half the population of the country. Magyar is, it is true, the everyday language of 9,000,000 out of 19,000,000 of the population, but this does not represent the genuine ethnographical position. Many members of the present Coalition Government are not pure-bred Magyars. Dr. Wekerle is a German, M. Franz Kossuth is a Slovak, and Dr. Sterenyi a Jew whose patronymic "Stern" has been Magyarised into "Sterenyi". The Magyars are therefore endeavouring to bolster up a factitious supremacy by the adoption of methods absolutely out of touch with the principles of constitutional government—even applying the most violent measures in Slav districts to prevent the majority from exercising their limited franchise. We might therefore confidently recommend the Hungarian model to the Irish Sinn Feiners. If the same methods as have been used by the Magyars were adopted in Ireland by the educated minority, the Unionist party would monopolise the Government and the "Sinn Feiners" would be nowhere. The illiterate vote which has always been so important a factor in Nationalist constituencies would only enjoy one tenth of its present political importance, whilst the direct taxpayers and those who have been through the secondary schools would control the whole machinery of government. In addition to this a redistribution scheme might still further curtail the Nationalist and "Sinn Fein" vote if it were only carried out on lines as unfair to the Nationalists as the present demarcation of Irish constituencies is unjust to the Unionist party. It is impossible to say what would happen if these constituencies were to be divided on the principles of the proposed Hungarian Redistribution Bill, and if, as "The Resurrection of Hungary" puts it, Irishmen were to do for Ireland what Hungarians have done for Hungary. In any case we cannot too strongly commend the example of Hungary to "Sinn Feiners" who have absorbed with characteristic innocence all that has been furnished to them by the author of this notorious pamphlet.

IRELAND IN THE NEW YEAR.

THE year 1908 was marked in Ireland by the creation of two new Universities and the steady increase of agrarian offences in twenty-two counties. There were one or two other interesting events. Sir Antony MacDonnell was forced out of office by the influence of the Nationalists who had acclaimed his appointment. Whatever a man's political views may be, distinguished and responsible service in India necessarily gives him certain convictions as to the prime duty of Government to keep the peace among its subjects. As these convictions, in Sir Antony's case, did not harmonise with the policy of the United Irish League or the timidity of Mr. Birrell, he had to go, with a peerage as solatium. The

Chief Secretary aims at the greatest good of the greatest number by giving carte blanche to the cattle-drivers and a title to his formidable subordinate. Lord Dudley's Committee on Congestion delivered a final report, recommending that Connaught should be governed by the nominees of the United Irish League and the cattle-drivers' policy financed by the Imperial Exchequer. A sympathetic Government at once introduced a Bill to achieve these objects and at the same time to modify the Wyndham Act in such a way as to stifle land-purchase. The Bill was obviously meant to keep Ireland quiet during the recess, and—if its author has the courage to reintroduce it next session—to put the House of Lords in a difficult position. If the Lords pass it, the Imperial Government will have surrendered to the United Irish League: if they reject it, the Government will refuse to find more money for land-purchase. In either event Mr. Dillon scores—for the moment. At present, pending fresh legislation, the Treasury has cut down the vendor's bonus from twelve to three per cent. This means that a landlord, to sell his estate without serious loss of income, must get a higher price from the tenants. But the tenants will not give the higher price, so land-purchase has stopped. Under Mr. Birrell's Bill the tenant would pay a higher rate of interest to the State, while the landlord would get a smaller bonus than before and receive his capital in depreciated stock instead of cash. That would prevent a recrudescence of voluntary land purchase. But as land-hunger (in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's deliberate perversion) is as strong as ever, the tenants may try to force the landlords to sell at a ruinous price by a new no-rent campaign. Mr. Birrell would not mind that in itself, but the trouble is that an extensive plan of campaign over Ireland to-day would inevitably lead to a strike against paying purchase instalments to Government. Really it is cheaper in the long run, as well as more decent, for the British Government to keep its word to Ireland and continue the Wyndham policy. But Liberals are slow to learn this lesson. Prestige meant nothing to Mr. Gladstone, and his successors have small regard for the qualities needed to maintain prestige, courage and honesty.

1908 was certainly the cattle-drivers' year. The anxiety of the Roman Catholic bishops for their University checked the movement for a while, but when the University was safe the bullock once more went in jeopardy. Mr. Birrell's idea apparently is that if you let people play the fool long enough, they will grow tired of the process. It is an ingenuous idea, which no Administration would dare to adopt in England or Scotland. No doubt many Irish ratepayers are extremely annoyed at the extra levy for police expenses which is the consequence of cattle-driving, and there have been a few notable protests from moderate Nationalists against the anarchical condition of parts of Ireland. But it will be a long time before the charms of cattle-driving pall upon the actual sportsmen, who are not substantial ratepayers. Meanwhile it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Birrell that he has any responsibility towards those Irishmen who want to pursue their daily callings in peace. The repeal of the Arms Act has made cattle-driving a much more formidable affair than it need have been, for the riotous mobs now possess firearms. Consequently no farmer has a chance of being able to deter the cattle-drivers. The strong man armed cannot do much against a hundred men as strong and equally well armed. Already the police have had to return fire opened by rioters, and one young man—not one quarter as great an offender as numerous members of Parliament who spout unchecked—has been killed in an affray. The indiscriminate acquisition of arms has led to a remarkable extension of shooting cases, which are not by any means all agrarian. Presumably Mr. Birrell thinks that Tories should not grumble at this, because the people shot at are not now landlords but Nationalist farmers and district councillors.

The apathy of the Chief Secretary has forced upon Irish Unionists the unpleasant task of collecting and publishing statistics of Irish crime. What else can they do when the Executive shirks its duty? Parliament is

the Inquest of the Nation, and if a Minister fails in his duty and endeavours to mislead the public as to the facts, the only hope of getting a remedy is to force the reluctant disclosure of those facts in the House of Commons. It is not the fault of Irish Unionists if the average Englishman jumps to conclusions which have not been suggested. We quite see the Nationalist point of view about these matters. If you prove that a farmer in Meath has been intimidated into vacating his holding, the Clapham greengrocer imagines that *he* cannot go to Killarney without grave risk to his worthy person. It is, in reality, a marvellous proof of the general good conduct of Irishmen that under the present suspension of efficient government there is so little ordinary crime. That fact, which we desire to emphasise, neither minimises the seriousness of the actual agrarian disorder nor exonerates the rulers who have allowed it to grow to its present proportions. Quite recently a most disquieting new movement has arisen in the shape of the demand that the private demesnes of landlords who have already sold their farms to tenants should be broken up. This sort of thing was common in the early days of the Land League, but by the "Dunraven treaty", which preceded the Wyndham Act, the Nationalist party solemnly promised that the Irish gentry, having ceased to be landlords, should be encouraged to remain in the country. The new movement is beginning in Tipperary, where the peasants, who have a very strong dash of the blood of Cromwellian troopers, show unusually fine physique and are proverbially tough fighters. Boycotting, in the meantime, has been growing so steadily (taking the form in places of persecuting those who will not subscribe to the United Irish League funds) that at last Mr. Birrell has invoked a statute of Edward III. and laid one member of Parliament by the heels. In spite of the howls of the Nationalist press, very few people in Ireland are much moved. There are dozens of greater offenders than Mr. Farrell still at large. But what a commentary on Mr. Birrell's methods the incident affords! Boycotting has been rampant for months, politicians who preached cattle-driving have been encouraged in the House and let alone in Ireland, and at last after the House has risen, one member, who owns a newspaper and publishes boycotting notices, has been very rightly prosecuted. So far as it goes, this step shows a glimmer of a sense of duty. But we are not moved to great enthusiasm at the sight of a soldier who has run away from the pursuing enemy for several miles and then turns to fire a single belated shot. The affair, however, puts the unhappy Mr. Redmond once more in a dilemma: he cannot go on addressing Liberal meetings in England, and he can now hardly evade Mr. Ginnell's passing invitation to come and encourage the cattle-drivers.

The formation of a mysterious Imperial Home Rule Association is of interest chiefly as showing that everyone in Ireland knows the Parliamentary Nationalist's occasional attitude of Home Rule within the Empire to be humbug. If Mr. Redmond's party aimed only at the Gladstonian Home Rule, which it is ready to accept as an instalment, there could be no place for a new party with such a title.

A pretty little revelation of Separatist spirit which is being made in connexion with the new National University ought not to be overlooked. The "non-political" Gaelic League demands that the Irish language shall be a compulsory subject for *matriculation*. The Roman Catholic professional classes protest. The Jesuits, and a good many of the secular clergy, point out that to adopt this rule would be to exclude most of the young men for whose education the University is designed. The Gaelic League retorts that anyone who opposes compulsory Irish is showing slavish subservience to the British Empire, and some priests express the same view. But the League does not explain why compulsion should be necessary if Young Ireland is so wonderfully keen about the language. It finds it easier to induce county councillors, who do not speak a word of Irish and have not the vaguest notion of the meaning of a University (once expounded in Dublin by Cardinal Newman), to refuse to found county scholar-

ships. The matter rests to be decided by the Senate, under Archbishop Walsh. We shall have far more fun out of compulsory Gaelic than was ever afforded by compulsory Greek. Already one side has said "If Irish is compulsory in the National University the Catholic middle class will go to Trinity"; the patriots reply "If Irish is not made compulsory, all good Gaels will go to Trinity". Box and Cox both insist on vacating the sitting-room and going to the attic!

THE CITY.

THE indiscreet speech of the Servian Prime Minister rather upset markets at the beginning of the week, but on reflection the absurdity of the alarm dawned upon even the jobbers of the Kafir market. There may be war in Eastern Europe, but it will not be produced by so trifling an incident as that. Markets recovered on Tuesday afternoon, and were strong on Wednesday morning, but later they became slack all round. The truth is that in the closing days of 1908, between Christmas and the New Year, the jobbers laid in a plentiful supply of stocks from the shops in anticipation of the good business which is invariably predicted at the turn of the year. For the last ten years we have been told that "after the New Year things are bound to go better", and every year the prophecy has been wrong. And yet it is only natural to suppose that a part at any rate of the dividends distributed on 31 December should find their way to the Stock Exchange. What do people do with their dividends nowadays? They pay their taxes, inhabited-house duty, and income-tax, pay their bills, or some of them, and probably leave the balance on deposit with their bank. People will not buy shares on the Stock Exchange as long as they see that the Eastern question is still unsettled and that war may break out at any moment. Further, they have an uneasy consciousness that the coming Budget of Mr. Lloyd George is going to be, in vulgar parlance, "a snorter", and that its effect on the City will be bad. The public therefore keeps away from the market, and when buyers fail to appear, the jobbers begin to turn out their shares or mark prices down in the hope of attracting buyers at the lower prices. That is why, despite the wonderful output of the Witwatersrand mines for December and the handsome dividends distributed by East Rands, Simmer and Jacks, and Knights, to mention only a few, quotations will not rise. Rand Mines, after going over 8, have fallen to 7½, but Modders have been steady about 11, and Apex have been a good market round about 3½. Amongst the speculative favourites Apex have had the biggest fall, tumbling from 4½ to 3½, probably owing to the issue of new capital. Amongst the Deep Levels the really good mines, like City Deep and Village Deep, have risen about 5s., but they should be held for higher prices, as should Cinderella Deep, which is fast increasing its monthly output. Perhaps the most interesting speculation would be a purchase of the New Crown Mines shares, which are called 7½. It is of course a very high premium to pay for a 10s. share; but it is a big amalgamation of first-rate properties, and they may go to £10, and as the special settlement is six months off, there is no carry-over to pay for. Robinson Central Deep is also an apparently good buy, as they get a dividend of 10s. in February and 10s. in July, when they will be exchanged at the rate of seven New Crown Mines for ten. At the price of 5½ they will yield about 18 per cent., and of course if New Crowns go to £10, the buyer would get £70 for £56.

The Argentine railway market, notwithstanding increases of traffic every week, and excellent prospects for the maize crop, which in a few weeks will be safe, remains sluggish. The best speculative purchase in this market is, we think, Entre Rios ordinary at 49. The increases of traffic on this line have been very satisfactory of late: this week the increase was about £3,300, which on a small line is considerable. We understand that the aggregate increase of traffic over last year is up to date 40 per cent., and though the stock has risen during the year from 37½ to 48, we do not think

that a rise of ten points is an adequate reflection of the rise in traffics. The ordinary stock of the Costa Rica Railway, leased to an American company, has at last begun to move, and has risen from 29 to 33: its prospects are good.

There was a crowded and indignant meeting of the Oceana shareholders at the Cannon Street Hotel on Thursday, who behaved with admirable self-restraint. For surely a more shocking balance-sheet was never presented. The debit balance of the company is £774,459, and the directors propose to reduce the capital of 1,733,917 shares by writing off 834,000 shares, about half. The company's income from investments was £21,231, and their administration expenses were £17,497. Lord Chesterfield, who took the chair, handled the meeting with great tact. He did not attempt to apologise for the loss of half the capital; but he deprecated, with some dignity, the throwing of mud, and appealed to the shareholders to discuss the situation as business men. As always happens on such occasions, a good deal of time was wasted by angry and irrelevant speeches from small shareholders, and in the end it was agreed to postpone the passing of the report and accounts until a shareholders' committee had reported to an adjourned meeting to be held three weeks hence. If anything is to be saved and the company rehabilitated, it will be necessary to remodel the whole administration from the chairman and his colleagues to the secretary.

A POSSIBLE CAUSE OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

By PROFESSOR EDWARD HULL F.R.S.

TOUCHING the human side of this lamentable catastrophe, the SATURDAY REVIEW remarked last week that "earthquakes cannot be anticipated to practical effect, and nothing can be learnt from past experience of them to lessen either their frequency or their violence in the future". This is so; yet there is a natural curiosity regarding their origin and mode of occurrence, and as the question has on several occasions been put to me, "How do you account for the suddenness and appalling violence of the earthquake which has now devastated part of Southern Italy?" I venture to suggest a cause which seems naturally to arise from a consideration of the past history of volcanic and seismic phenomena in this part of Europe.

In dealing with this subject the mind naturally reverts to the first violent earthquake recorded in history of the Neapolitan Campagna in A.D. 63, followed sixteen years afterwards by the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, of which Pliny the younger has left us so graphic an account. Down to that year the mountain had been silent, and according to Strabo its sides were covered by villas, temples and villages in fancied security; though from the character of the tableland of the summit that observant historian suspected its volcanic origin; and his suspicions were amply verified by an eruption which overwhelmed the important cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii and Stabiae, with many villages and dwellings, and extended its ravages to Misenum, sixteen geographical miles from the focus of eruption. This historical outburst, however, gave vent to the internal forces, and earthquakes have never been so disastrous to the Neapolitan region since, though eruptions have been frequent; some indeed have been of great violence, such as those of A.D. 203, and one more recent in 1631 which devastated the towns of Torre del Greco, Resina and Granatello, with a loss of life reported at eighteen thousand persons. In these cases the destruction was heralded by earthquake shocks, becoming more and more violent, which gave warning to the inhabitants of the approaching danger after a prolonged period of fancied security. Here the safety-valve was opened, the pent-up vapours and gases were let loose, and a period of rest ensued. One of the latest and grandest eruptions of Vesuvius was that of 1872-3, which some of us may have witnessed and which has been described by Professor Palmieri, who was in charge of the observatory situated on the mountain at the time. On this occasion remarkable changes were produced in

the form of the mountain while sending down streams of lava threatening Naples, and only stopping short before reaching the sea. It is especially memorable from the fate of a party of visitors who, contrary to the advice of Professor Palmieri, insisted on ascending into the Atria del Cavallo, where they were enveloped in a hailstorm of burning projectiles, in which eight of the party lost their lives. In all these cases a certain amount of preliminary warning seems to have given notice of approaching danger, and Vesuvius justified its title, "the Safety-valve" of the Neapolitan region, as it afforded an outlet to the elastic forces of eruption.

The earliest eruptions of Etna are pre-historic. According to Sir William Hamilton, it was in eruption before the Trojan War; and Ovid draws the contrast between Etna and Vesuvius, the latter being in his day dormant, while the former was in eruption:

"Nec, quæ sulfureis ardet fornacibus, Ætnæ
Ignea semper erit".

Diodorus and Thucydides record the earliest known eruptions, those of 772 and 388 B.C., when the mountain was thrice in eruption; and in the dictatorship of Julius Cæsar there occurred one of great violence. Still the earthquakes which must have accompanied them do not appear to have been very destructive; the volcano was the safety-valve of Sicily, and its vast sides have been covered with forests and vineyards for generations past. The mountain is one of grand dimensions; within its ample skirts it could enfold several cones of the size of Vesuvius, and its snowclad summit rises to a height of nearly eleven thousand feet above the surface of the Mediterranean. With these proportions many changes may happen unobserved by the inhabitants bordering the seacoast and living in the towns around; and we are inclined to ask ourselves whether the terrible and unexpected catastrophe along the shores of the Straits of Messina at the close of the year 1908 may not be attributable to some change, for a long time arising but unobserved, which has its seat within the volcano itself.

From all we know there has ever been a volume of steam rising from the crater and visible from the sea, and, as long as this has been seen, the inhabitants have regarded themselves as secure against serious earthquake shocks. At the great height and distance from below a gradual diminution of eruptive matter may have been in progress, and the lava which ascends, and sometimes has overflowed the sides of the mountain, may have solidified, ultimately choking the orifice and producing increased pressure upon the crust surrounding the base of the mountain itself. Under such conditions the pressure would find release along some line of least resistance, and we may well suppose that the Straits of Messina would be the line of weakness first to give way. In addition, the rupture may have been facilitated by "faults" or fractures along the bed of the Straits—a view which finds corroboration in the accounts we have had of the effect of the earthquake on the waters of the sea which was destructive to the shipping and caused the inundation of the ports of Messina, Reggio and S. Giovanni. It is clear that there was a great upheaval of the sea-bed, causing vast waves to rise upon the land and producing effects only less destructive than the earthquake which preceded it: a repetition of the earthquake of Lisbon in 1755, by which the harbour was inundated by a great wave impelled by an upheaval of the bed of the Atlantic.

We shall await with anxiety to see whether Vesuvius will be responsive. There is no evidence so far that Vesuvius has responded to the outbreak of seismic violence in Sicily, and it is quite possible none may occur. There is evidence, on the other hand, that these two volcanic mountains do not lie along the same line of fissure in the crust, as their lavas are dissimilar and have their origin in different "magmas", as I have shown on a former occasion from microscopic examination.* The lavas of Vesuvius contain large proportions of the mineral leucite, and are classed by Zirkel as "sanidin-leucit-gesteine", whereas the lavas

* "Volcanoes: Past and Present," p. 67. (Contemporary Science Series.) 1892.

of Etna, as determined by A. von Lasaulx, are destitute of this mineral. It is impossible to account for this distinction, but it is essential, and shows disconnexion of the underground sources. Etna gives many examples of the enormous pressure on its flanks exerted by the internal forces of eruption in the existence of about two hundred cones and craters rising through the forest zone, but now extinct. These have been laid down with much care by Sartorius von Waltershausen in his magnificent work.* They are now clothed with forest trees and shrubs and give little evidence of their original character.

But there is another remarkable circumstance of vast importance in the destinies of the inhabitants bordering the Mediterranean which I wish to refer to before closing this paper. It will be observed that the volcanic, and to some extent the seismic, phenomena of this region are restricted to the northern side of this great inland lake, so that as regards volcanicity the African coast presents a striking contrast to that of the opposite side. If we draw a line from the coast of the Levant to the Straits of Gibraltar by Candia, Malta and the north coast of Cyprus to the south of Pantellaria and Sardinia, we shall find that the volcanic islands and districts of the mainland lie to the north of it. The immunity of the Libyan desert from volcanic eruptions is in keeping with the generally undisturbed formations of which it is composed. We can understand how powerfully these contrasting conditions have influenced the habits of the inhabitants respectively. Had Egypt been a country subject to earthquake shocks, Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria would not have remained standing for over two thousand years!

THE ART OF INDIA.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

OUR ideas of the East, ideas which have been so large in their vagueness and so limited in their knowledge, begin to alter. We can no longer afford to sum the East in an idle epithet, "the gorgeous" or "the unchanging", and keep the thought of it merely as a rich, wild background for restless fancy to wander in, convenient as a *mise en scène* for comic-opera writers, handy for satirists who wish to ridicule their own country under an attractive disguise, or making a frank appeal to instincts harassed by civilisation as a region "where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst". The East begins to touch us, to affect us, in many and subtle ways, not only through the practical relations of commerce and the shifting apprehensions of war perils.

I regret that I had not an opportunity, at the time, of noticing the exhibition of Mohammedan art which was to be seen at Whitechapel this last autumn. This exhibition contained many beautiful things; but it struck me particularly as illustrating very fully and aptly the older European conception of the East and its arts. And indeed in the upper gallery were shown a number of European pictures embodying and reflecting just that conception. Napoleon's adventurous campaigns in Egypt and Syria; Byron's wanderings, and the poems they inspired; these set a vogue which overtook many an artist, both in France and England. Decamps and Delacroix sought in the glow and strangeness of Oriental scenes the satisfaction of their hunger for romance. Even the unromantic Wilkie succumbed to the spell. J. F. Lewis became an Oriental, and painted idle interiors and cool courtyards with more than Pre-Raphaelite detail; while in a later day Arthur Melville rendered with equal vividness his impressions of glaring desert and many-coloured crowds. It was an appeal to the senses and the imagination, an escape from the drabs and greys of Western life, the lure of the unknown and the barbaric. For Delacroix one fancies the superb carriage, the kind of animal dignity, to be seen in fine types of Moor and Arab, had the same sort of fascination as the movements and poses of lion and panther had always for that artist. Now it is significant that for these nineteenth-century artists the East was the

Mohammedan East, the East enshrined in the glowing pages of the "Arabian Nights". That East remains with all its sensuous attraction. But now there begins to open for us another world, the Buddhist East. And this East, farther from us according to geography, is yet infinitely nearer to us in other respects; for here we touch a world of thought, of religious ideals, of art and literature, complementing and challenging our own. Mohammedanism, which seems to be so admirably fitted for a primitive type of civilisation, has repressed creative art; though perhaps if a race possessed of really vigorous creative ideas had been among those which embraced that religion it might have transcended and escaped from the starving influences of its prohibitions, never so strictly obeyed as has been often supposed. Be this as it may, we have to note that whereas in Mohammedan countries religion did little or nothing to sustain and inspire art, Buddhism wherever it went identified itself with the creative impulse, nourishing and refining imagination, and found in every new expansion of art its own spontaneous expression. Thus Mohammedan art means chiefly to us a wonderful decorative beauty in woven fabrics and faience: Buddhist art is an art which, like the great art of Christendom, is preoccupied with the plastic and pictorial embodiment of ideas. The more we realise what Oriental culture means, the more we shall concentrate our attention not on the countries which lie between the West and the East but on the great Asia beyond, India, China, Japan, countries whose mind and thought have been fed by common streams of inspiration and whose arts have the same spiritual coherence as the arts of Christian Europe.

It might have been supposed that we English, who have taken India into our charge, would have taken pride in the study and interpretation of Indian art. Yet the study of it, in anything like a comprehensive sense, is scarcely begun; and the interpretation of it, from its own standpoint, has been thought, one must presume, beneath the dignity of a ruling race. The book therefore which Mr. Havell has just published* is a pioneer work, and will stand as something of a landmark in the future. It does not pretend to be complete or to give more than a sketch of historical developments. The outline remains to be filled in. It aims rather at interpretation of the aims and ideals of Indian art; and most rightly it concentrates on sculpture and painting rather than on industrial arts. We in Europe have been far too prone to study and collect examples of the industrial and applied arts of Eastern countries, neglecting the creative arts which alone supply the key and the standard to all the rest. This is because we tend to regard the arts of all non-European countries as a branch of ethnography. With the ethnographer comes the archaeologist; and the archaeological point of view leads to worse misconceptions. It is this point of view which has hitherto prevailed in the study of Indian sculpture; and we owe Mr. Havell a debt for resolutely regarding his material as art, as something spiritually significant and alive. Archaeologists are always looking for "influences", which are usually to be found in details; essential matters too often escape them. The much-debated sculptures of Gandhara are a case in point. Here we have a school of artists who, founding their style on an inferior and provincial type of Græco-Roman art, gradually transformed it, under the inspiration of Buddhism, into something with a new life and spirit of its own. It has been the fashion with archaeologists to lay all the stress on the Greek element, which persisted only in subordinate features, and to proclaim that Indian sculpture was but a debased reflex product from this remote stimulus of Hellenism. Yet the patent fact about these sculptures, where the Greek and the Asian ideal touched and met, is the transformation of the former and the triumph of the latter. A similar prejudice lies in the common pretension to make anatomical correctness a standard of judgment. This is sheer stupidity. Many of Mr. Havell's pages are devoted to attacks on this point of view, which must be absolutely discarded before Oriental sculpture, or European for that matter, can be

* "Der Aetna." Edited by A. von Lasaulx.

* "Indian Sculpture and Painting." By E. B. Havell. London: Murray. 1908. 63s. net

begun to be understood. Mr. Havell has evidently had much to suffer from conventional and official opinion, and he writes with a sort of chronic exasperation and defiance, which lead him to extravagant estimates and rash comparisons. Assuredly this perfervid enthusiasm is infinitely more honourable to an Englishman who has held official posts in India than the indifference and contempt which have hitherto, with few exceptions, been paramount. Yet these overstatements considerably impair the value of the book as a contribution to knowledge. The material here collected, especially the sculpture, is interesting and important enough to stand on its own merits; I think it a pity that the author has gone on to prove so much more than the evidence he gives will warrant. One would imagine from this book that India was the great productive centre of Asian art. In fact, Mr. Havell expressly says that under the Mogul Emperors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "India again became the art centre of Asia". This seems to me an extraordinary assertion. First, the Mogul school of painting was not Indian but Persian in its origin and in its essential character; secondly, the finest work of that school is not for a moment to be compared, for technical mastery or for spiritual vitality, with the contemporary painting of China or Japan. But Mr. Havell, so eager to prove that Greek inspiration counted for nothing in Indian art, seems to assume that Indian inspiration counted for everything in Chinese, Japanese, and Thibetan art. Incontestably, it counted for a great deal; but Mr. Havell's arguments and illustrations do not shake my conviction that the Chinese have shown themselves to be a race incomparably more gifted for art than the races of India. In the history of Indian painting we are confronted with a singular problem. The frescoes of Ajanta testify to an early school of Buddhist painting, grand and impressive in a primitive style, which flourished from about the second to the seventh century A.D. But after this there is a huge blank till we come to the Mogul style of secular painting, introduced from Persia, which has no relation whatever to the early religious art. To fill up the gap Mr. Havell is reduced to illustrating from the religious painting of Thibet. Suppose that all has been destroyed. Yet in China, where millions of pictures have been destroyed by fires and wars, there exist the records of innumerable artists, descriptions of their works, criticisms, essays, and biographies, which alone would prove the vital hold which painters and painting had on the national mind. India meets us with a great silence. Moreover, we know from the treasured remains of Chinese painting that art had there gone far beyond any stage reached in India. In China the ideas of Buddhism conspired with the profound æsthetic instincts of the race to produce an art which was no longer formally religious but had conquered the whole realm of nature for the religious spirit, which was no longer confined to hieratic forms but found in landscape and in flowers a breath of the infinite and the divine. Why was it that India, which had sent through all Asia the current of its sublime idealism, failed to go on and make this conquest, the final mark of a matured art? I can only conjecture that it was the same cause, not yet adequately explained, which produced the decay and extinction of Buddhism in India proper.

Of Mogul painting Mr. Havell gives us some beautiful examples, beautifully reproduced in colour. And these are supplemented by a few modern paintings, the work of the author's own pupils. Mr. Havell for some years presided over the Government Art Schools in Calcutta; and we owe it to him that Indian students have been persuaded to resume their native traditions in art, to discontinue feeble attempts in a European style. Mr. Tagore and his scholars form a very interesting group, and the future of the school will be watched with interest. As director of the Calcutta gallery, Mr. Havell also worked hard for the recognition of Indian art, and helped to get inferior European productions sold out of the collection and replaced by native works. For these things he deserves honour and thanks from all of us.

A PARENTHESIS.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

IN "The Times" of last Wednesday was printed, in small type, a letter from Mr. Croal Thomson, rebuking certain critics who had disparaged certain pictures in the McCulloch Collection at Burlington House. One sentence in this letter surely deserved to be printed in large type, or at any rate in italics; for it is very splendid. "After all," writes Mr. Thomson, "art does not consist of one school of thought and practice alone, and a writer should be able to rid himself of his swaddling clothes of criticism and take up a manly attitude of broad sympathy towards all aspects of art-production." I suppose I ought really to have left this gem to be appreciated for you by Mr. Binyon. But there is the chance that it did not catch his eye. Let me, in a neighbourly way, draw his very special attention to it, and ask him to consider his position. Probably, throughout his life, he had been supposing that the business of an art-critic was to train his faculties in such manner that he could distinguish good from bad, to develop certain general canons which would act as touch-stones for the works under his survey, and to distribute praise and blame accordingly, without fear—blame for (let us say) the Leaders and Stones, the Poynters and Fildeses, and praise for younger, more sincere and more talented men whose endeavour seemed to him commendable. Criticism, I fancy, had seemed to him a function quite worthy of an adult. It is high time for him to learn from Mr. Thomson the essentially infantile nature of the thing. Let him, as "a writer," strip off those "swaddling clothes." Let him be cured, as soon as may be, of the whooping-cough of discrimination, and the nettle-rash of reasoned judgment. Let him hide that coral-and-bells which his theories of truth and beauty are, and forthwith "take a manly attitude." Any baby can embrace what is good in art. The grown-up man proclaims his maturity by embracing also what is bad and indifferent.

Nor is it only Mr. Binyon who must pull himself together. Not less urgent are the cases of Mr. Filson Young and myself; for Mr. Thomson's pronouncement cannot be narrowed to the sphere of pictures: it covers all the other spheres of art. But it is so sudden. I don't know how Mr. Filson Young feels, but I am too staggered to pull myself together all at once. The old habit of discrimination, of excluding what I adjudge bad, cannot be thrown off in a moment. But Mr. Somerset Maugham is a neophyte in the art of dramatic criticism, and presumably more malleable than I in proportion to his freshness. And, as he is very much more exclusive in his judgments than I am in mine, he stands in the greater need of edification. I admit that the plays that give me the most pleasure, and the plays that seem to me (by reason of their present rarity) to deserve the most encouragement, are plays that have "ideas" in them, and plays that are deliberate attempts to present this or that phase of our various life as it is. These are the plays that I, personally, find the most entertaining. Yet I have never decried a play merely because it did but set out to be entertaining in the usual sense of the word. I have always welcomed the merely frivolous comedies and farces whose frivolity seemed to me of a distinguished kind. I am not hostile to any department of dramatic art. I am hostile merely to such bad work as I find in those several departments. Mr. Maugham, on the other hand, is a stern proscriptionist. To him, apparently, the "serious" drama is a thing very ridiculous, very negligible. He has been telling an interviewer that it is "most unwise" of dramatists to "take themselves seriously." He has no patience with "great central ideas"; and "to entertain," he declares (using the word evidently in the sense of "causing to laugh"), "should be the first—perhaps the only—aim of the playwright." Well, to "the plain man" this sort of pronouncement by an eminent artist is always comforting and reassuring. And I am not surprised that "The Referee," which, in theatrical affairs, represents (always very ably and amusingly) the interests of "the plain man," has expressed its joy in Mr. Maugham's sound common-sense, and set on record that there is no nonsense about him. But when an artist, in any art, after

delivering an opinion in aesthetics, finds himself being patted on the back by "the plain man", he may well have misgivings, and examine with some care the opinion that evoked the cordiality. For no artist of any rank, since the world began, has been "a plain man", or—in matters relating to his art—on terms of sympathy with "the plain man". The qualities that go to make a creative artist, and the qualities that are fostered in him by creation, are very different from those (in their way admirable) qualities of which "the plain man" is composed. That Mr. Maugham had, even in the moment of utterance, some misgivings as to the propriety of his remarks, I am led to suspect by his insertion of the word "perhaps" before "the only". Of course it is from the commercial standpoint "most unwise" of dramatists to "take themselves seriously"; and no doubt Mr. Maugham's great commercial success was retarded by the managers' suspicion that the author of "A Man of Honour" would never be likely to hit the taste of the public. But it is inconceivable that Mr. Maugham, an artist, regrets his unwisdom in writing that play, and is not proud of that play as a thing that in its own sphere stands on a far higher level than his light comedies stand in theirs. I have no doubt that Mr. Maugham has it in him to write a light comedy as fine as that first bitter *tragi-comedy*. If light comedy is the only form that he cares to practise now, let him devote himself to that, by all means. But it is hardly gracious in him to gibe at other men—fellow-artists—who, conscientiously, but unremuneratively, are treading the path to which his own first ambitions led him. The work that he is doing, and wishes to do, happens to pay. The work that those others are doing, and wish to do, happens not to. But they have as good a right as he has to persist, and more need than he has to be encouraged. Let Mr. Maugham leave to "the plain man" the task of discouraging them. Artists, however diverse, should uphold one another.

Especially ought artists in dramaturgy to do this. Mr. Maugham knows as well as I do that the test of a play's value is not in its immediate popularity. He knows that in drama, as in other forms of literature, and as in painting and sculpture, the public hates anything to which it is unaccustomed, and can only be bullied and coaxed into acquiescence by the persons—the few persons—who happen to be equipped for appreciating the new thing, whatever it may be. A young painter or sculptor of genius can afford to disregard the public. There are always a few enlightened patrons to keep him going. A young poet or novelist of genius can always make a pittance. There is a small enlightened public to keep him going. But this small enlightened public cannot keep going a young dramatist of genius, or any other young dramatist whose plays are not of the kind to which the general public is accustomed. No manager, in the ordinary way, can afford to produce such plays. Lately, "Vedrenne-Barker" produced plays of an unaccustomed kind; and there were signs, after a while, after much bullying and coaxing, that the general public was beginning to be interested, and might presently begin even to appreciate. I never cease to mourn "Vedrenne-Barker". Perhaps the new Afternoon Theatre will efface, in due time, the memory of that dear departed. But, however helpful one and another such venture may be, what is really needed for the drama's future is a permanently endowed little Experimental Theatre. A National Theatre, however elastic the intentions of its pious founder, would inevitably, sooner or later—and, I think, sooner—sink into majestic academicism, and be nothing but a great rich paddock for the war-horses of the past. The true requisite is a jolly little paddock for the colts to kick up their heels in. Why should not Mr. Maugham be the pious founder?

GREEK DRESS.

By CHARLES RICKETTS.

THE ideal of a period finds ready expression in its dress; this has ever counted as a setting more than as a covering; the first chieftain's cloak of hide or matted rushes was valued more for the dignity it gave

to its wearer than for its warmth, and we may venture to believe that shells and berries had been threaded into necklaces before the invention of the biblical apron of leaves. It is in advanced, not to say corrupt, phases of civilisation that questions of utility overrule the decorative uses of dress. It was one of the signs of the great consciousness, complexity and emotional wealth of the Hellenes that they were first to evolve the ideal of an exquisite and fastidious simplicity in this matter, after centuries of hesitation, when they had clothed themselves with all the pride of barbarians and the luxury of the East. We witness in Greece rapid reactions within a fashion, even Nationalist movements in dress, and the studied simplicity which characterises dandyism. The short Spartan cloak at one time affected by Alcibiades did for Athens what Brummell essayed many centuries later, when English gentlemen had lapsed into an Asiatic taste in waistcoats.

The discovery of Cretan art, following upon that of Mycene, led the astonished world to imagine that Ariadne and Clytemnestra wore the crinoline, that Helen was garbed in the voluminous flounces and chignon in which Mademoiselle Schneider had fascinated the world in the guilty days when Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène" was new; a recent and careful work on Greek dress by E. B. Abrahams* dispels this illusion. The Greeks in the Homeric poems wore the draperies that were current in the poet's day, the woven survivals of the rougher skin cloaks and tunics of barbaric times; the Mycenean civilisations (so called) being probably alien in origin, or at any rate pre-Hellenic.

If signs of a recent barbaric ancestry may be traced in the meat-eating heroes of Homer, they are nevertheless in a state of transition, and becoming refined, like the Crusaders after them, in contact with sunnier civilisations; they are regardant in matters of personal adornment: the helmet of Agamemnon was of Assyrian pattern and Helen worked upon a web covered with histories, thereby anticipating by several centuries the lovely robe worn by Demeter on the famous Triptolemos cup by the great Hieron.

For some centuries the Hellenes were influenced in their taste by imported fineries from Asia, whilst retaining in principle the traditional method of fastening their clothes with pins, brooches and costly girdles. Solon attempted to put an end to Asiatic excess; yet the evidence of archaic art, following after his laws, reveals exquisite and elaborate fashions if it does not prove the inevitable evasion of sumptuary regulations. Black figure vase-paintings display a tropical love of pattern, and the famous painted statues from the Acropolis are decked with an elaboration which would tax the faculties of the most perfect dressmaker. I have before me an attempt to reconstruct these exquisite "creations" upon the living model. Two terrible plates are the result, in which a bulging and suburban-looking tea-gown replaces the delicate lines and folds of the originals! But the Ionian grace of these statues, the dandy spirit which pervades vase-paintings from the time of Epiktetos to that of Brygos, lost, after the Persian wars, its hold upon Athens (the head and heart of Greece), and for a time the Doric chiton became even more austere in fold, men discarded transparent tunics, and gauze-like robes were reserved for the statues of Aphrodite.

Pheidias, in whose work becomes merged the two main currents in Greek art, who lived to temper Doric severity with Attic grace; Pheidias, who created a sense of proportion which has remained unsurpassed, doubtless influenced Hellenic dress as profoundly as the masters of the Renaissance controlled the fashions of their day. In his statues of Athena he combined garments till then worn differently, and revelled in the contrast of materials. Do not let us imagine that his rich sense of simplicity became the rule, that Aspasia, for instance, was always robed like a "fate" from the Parthenon; yet he established the principle that dress should express the mood and temperament of the wearer, that it should be moulded upon a personality in contrast

* "Greek Dress." By E. B. Abrahams. London: Murray, 1908. 9s. net.

with the "conformity" of austerity or the equally inexpressive richness of mere luxury.

In the statuettes from Tanagra the delicacy and richness of the folds, even the occasional severities of line, were matters of profound calculation. They expressed mood and grace as absolutely as the throw of an Indian shawl worn in the 'sixties by a lady of fashion.

The flimsy white draperies with hideous meanders and the everlasting key pattern upon the hem, which satisfy the most beautiful actresses as well as archaeologists in revivals of Greek dramas, reflect the Hellenic dress of any period as much as a Chinaman's drawing of a British officer resembles the fastidious triumphs of the British tailor, in whose masterpieces we find expressed all that an Englishman would wish to be.

The blending of fluid and resisting materials and contrasting folds formed the principle of the Greek fashion which lasted till the Byzantine epoch established a new wave of thought from the East; for the principle of Roman dress hardly differed from the Greek, the toga even (the frock-coat of the Roman) being but a modified "himation" and the cloak of the centurion the chlamys of the Dorians.

I would not value the fact that blue is rarely mentioned in literature as a colour; poets to this day describe the sea and violets as blue or purple indifferently. Blue figures very largely upon the draperies of Tanagras, on the figures on late Lekythoi; and if the paintings found in Rome, Herculaneum and Pompeii do not belong to the periods under discussion they reflect old fashions, and in these the use of blue garments is constant. But how far have the arts preserved for us the aspect of Greek dress? In sculpture we find the limitations of the material and the yoke or fashion of tradition. In vase-paintings there is present the shorthand of the craftsman. Probably we must discount the influence of tradition upon art and remember its constant influence upon life, and be wary of history, too often the tract of a reactionist or a failure in fiction. We may imagine a greater variety and licence in Greek dress than the monuments have preserved for us. The stage may have dictated fashions as it does in our own time, and the trailing robes of the tragedian, those of "Le père noble" for instance, have been borrowed by the philosopher and rhetorician, whilst the short cloak of the buffoon contented the cynic. The Greek dramatists understood the artistic and psychological value of dress; perhaps the Thracian hat worn by Ismene was a daring innovation in feminine attire shocking to Sophocles using Antigone as a mouthpiece. The cloths which Æschylos causes to be strewn before Agamemnon on his return were probably from the wardrobe of Clytemnestra, and revealed to the author the alien taste of "the other man".

The subject is inexhaustible, its significance is enormous. Dress not only illustrates the temper of an epoch: like the language of a nation, it may control its character. Helen might never have eloped with Paris had she required more than the mere veil with which she wrapped her immortal shape, and so Troy not have fallen. The Persians were already half-defeated when the Lacedæmonians combed their long hair before death! The "pathetic" coiffure of Alexander was probably as stimulating to Greek courage as the three-cornered hat of Napoleon to his veterans, who had won half their battles owing to the terrible rumour that they were "sans-culottes". The dazzling Alcibiades was at times a dandy, and so was Caesar, who should have been a Greek! Both knew the true value of dress in the Comedy of the Tragedy which we call History.

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN EAST AFRICA.

By F. C. SELOUS.

FIFTEEN years have passed away since the publication of "Wild Spain", one of the most delightful works on sport and natural history ever written; and now Mr. Abel Chapman, one of the joint authors of that fascinating volume, has given us in his "On Safari" *

his more recent experiences in wilder surroundings and amongst greater game than he met with in Andalusia.

The result is a most interesting and informing book on the great game of East Africa, which can only enhance the author's reputation as a good sportsman delighting in the wild life of the unspoilt wilderness and only killing with a sparing hand such animals as were necessary to supply a large number of native followers with food, and which at the same time carried heads worthy to be preserved as trophies. And throughout the book we have constant notes upon the lesser beasts and the wonderful bird life of East Africa which prove that the keen, observant eyes that were the first to note the position assumed by flamingoes when sitting on their mud nests at the Laguna Real in Andalusia have not yet grown dim nor the inquiring mind of the naturalist become less receptive than of old. In his introductory chapter Mr. Chapman tells us how in his boyish days—when he and I were at Rugby together—his imagination was first fired by the writings of Cornwallis Harris, Gordon Cumming and other hunters of great game in the virgin hunting-grounds of South Africa; but for long years circumstances forbade the realisation of his hopes of ever visiting that country; and when at last he was able to do so he was bitterly disappointed to find that only a poor remnant remained of the great herds which had possessed the country only a generation earlier.

But a few years later his boyish dreams were fully realised in the British African territories which lie around the Equator, where, as he very truly says, "some of Nature's wildest scenes practically unchanged since the days of creation may yet be enjoyed".

In any comparison between East Africa as a game country to-day and South Africa as it once was I think it must be acknowledged that the fauna of the open plains of the former territory will compare not unfavourably with the wondrous scenes which Harris and Gordon Cumming and the early Boer pioneers were privileged to look upon in the neighbourhood of the Orange and Vaal rivers. But when we come to the wooded portions of East Africa it seems to me that they are inferior in their game resources to many districts between the Limpopo and the Zambesi rivers as they once were, for in that part of South Africa not only were elephants, rhinoceroses of both the black and the white species, buffaloes and giraffes excessively plentiful, but all the finest species of African antelopes, such as elands, sable and roan antelopes, the magnificently horned greater koodoos, and in the west the gemsbuck were also very numerous.

In British East Africa to-day, however, there can be seen the most marvellous display of wild life which yet exists on our planet, and that country has this advantage over the vanished game haunts of the interior of South Africa, that whereas these latter could only be reached in the days of their prime by a long and tedious journey in a bullock-waggon, a railway now carries the modern sportsman quickly and comfortably to the heart of East Africa.

As a testimony to the wealth of the wild life still existing in that territory no better evidence can be adduced than the fact that during two hunting trips of no long duration in that country Mr. Chapman and his brother obtained specimens of no fewer than thirty-four different species of animals.

Their travels took them, first of all, to a charming hunting-ground in the neighbourhood of the Enderit river to the south of Lake Nakuru, where picked specimens of various species of antelopes were obtained, and then to the north end of Lake Nakuru, where two fine lionesses were added to the bag. From Lake Nakuru they marched to Lake Baringo, where Mr. Abel Chapman, accompanied by the District Commissioner, Mr. Archer, met with a very nerve-shaking experience in a dense bed of reeds, in which a solitary bull elephant came very near bringing our author's career to a sudden close. The account of this adventure will be read, I am sure, with absorbing interest, and ought to be carefully considered by all would-be elephant-hunters. Mr. Chapman was only armed with a .303-bore rifle, and although that experienced sportsman, the late Mr. Arthur Neumann,

* "On Safari." By A. Chapman. London: Arnold. 1908. 16s. net.

proved conclusively that *when a broadside shot can be obtained and the anatomy of elephants is thoroughly understood*, these animals can be killed with such a weapon, with body as well as head shots, it is certainly not the ideal rifle to rely upon when only a very partial view of the frontal portion of an elephant's head can be obtained through dense reed brakes or bamboo forests. It was not until their second visit to East Africa in 1906 that Mr. Chapman and his brother came across elephants in large numbers at Lake Solai. Fortune may certainly be said to have smiled upon them this time, for seldom have African hunters enjoyed a more wonderful experience. At one time they were in great peril, and one of their gun-bearers, losing his presence of mind, let off the rifle he was supposed to be holding in reserve close to his master's ear, mortally wounding a cow elephant, which had subsequently to be killed. Mr. Chapman and his brother then accounted for the three biggest bulls in the herd.

Many accounts will be found in Mr. Chapman's pages of encounters with rhinoceroses; but whether any of these animals were really vicious and looking for trouble or only stupidly inquisitive is not quite obvious. In the course of their two hunting trips antelopes of every species existing in the countries through which our author and his brother travelled, from the portly eland to the tiny "dik-dik", were encountered, and fine specimens of each obtained. Scattered through the book many interesting observations on the habits of these animals will be found. For instance, on pages 229-230 an account is given by the author's brother of the way in which he was able to circumvent the white-bearded gnus on the Athi plains by studying their movements and taking advantage of their trusting to the keener senses of the hartebeests to steer them clear of danger, and so always following in the wake of one or more of the latter animals when on their way to the river to drink.

With lions neither Mr. Chapman nor his brother had much luck, although these great carnivores are undoubtedly more plentiful to-day in the game districts of East Africa, such as the Athi plains and the Gwas n'gishu plateau, than in any other part of Africa. Good horses, Mr. Chapman thinks, are a *sine qua non* for any great success with these animals in East Africa. This is no doubt true, as in the open country, where they are most often encountered, they can seldom be approached on foot. But Mr. Chapman deprecates the use of horses for hunting in East Africa, and his remarks on this subject are worth quoting. They are as follows: "That combination of horse and rifle together I utterly condemn. It is unsportsmanlike, since not one man in a hundred can be trusted (or can trust himself) to act fairly under its circumstance. The system is essentially unfair to game, and directly and indirectly is responsible for the decimation of the southern herds. I would earnestly urge that the 'riding down' of game be made illegal in our territories".

From the point of view of the preservation of game I think that Mr. Chapman's arguments are sound, for although in East Africa whether a man hunts on foot or on horseback he is only allowed to kill a limited number of each species of antelope, yet there can be no doubt that chasing on horseback herds of game in which there may be many cows heavy with calf must do a great deal of mischief; but still—well, I can never forget the wild joy of a good gallop through the forests of South Africa after a herd of sable or roan antelopes or four or five old koodoo bulls; and whereas the shooting of a giraffe on foot is so tame a proceeding that no one would be likely to indulge in it more than once except to procure a necessary supply of food or a specimen for a museum, yet a gallop after a herd of giraffes through thick thorn bush or over bad ground—when it will require both a good horse and a determined rider to come up with them—is full of interest and excitement. Space forbids any further comments on this valuable book, every page of which I have read from cover to cover with great interest. To me Mr. Chapman's style of writing has always been most attractive; simple, straightforward, modest, and convincingly truthful. "On Safari" has too been most lavishly illustrated. Mr. E. Caldwell,

who is responsible for all the full-page illustrations in the book, as well as some of the smaller ones, and who is himself familiar with the appearance of the landscapes and many species of the big game in Central Africa, has well maintained his reputation as an accurate delineator of African wild animals, and although some of Mr. Chapman's own sketches undoubtedly lack artistic merit, they are nevertheless always both interesting and valuable, as showing certain characteristic attitudes of birds and animals taken from the life.

"Stalks Abroad"—being an account of the sport obtained during a two years' tour of the world—is a pleasantly written and instructive work on sport and travel which brings home to one's mind the extraordinary shrinkage which has taken place in the size of the world during the last few decades as a result of rapid transit by steamboat and railway; for in the space of two short years, a time which less than half a century ago would barely have sufficed for a single hunting trip to any part of Africa, Mr. Wallace was not only able to make expeditions after big game into such widely separated parts of the world as North America, New Zealand and East Africa, but also to visit all the chief places of interest in Japan and India.

Except, however, in the marvellous hunting-grounds of East Africa, where game of almost every description appears to be still as plentiful as it ever was, Mr. Wallace's experiences were somewhat disappointing. The Wapiti in Wyoming are suffering from the encroachment of settlers on their winter feeding-grounds, and no longer are such heads to be obtained as gladdened the hearts of the old-time hunters. In southern British Columbia, owing to the depredations of Indians and settlers, sheep and deer are now scarce and difficult to find in districts where only a few short years ago they were plentiful. In India, Mr. Wallace tells us, the would-be big-game hunter who has no influential friends "will get little beyond blackbuck, chinkara and perhaps a 'mugger'"; whilst in New Zealand the magnificent red deer heads, once the envy of deer-stalkers the world over, are, it appears, now few and far between, and this not owing to the decrease of the deer, but rather because they are becoming too numerous, and the stags are deteriorating in the size and symmetry of their antlers owing to the shooting of the finest examples and the consequent propagation of the species through inferior animals, which are constantly increasing in numbers. All that Mr. Wallace has to say concerning the rapid deterioration of the red deer in New Zealand will be found of great interest to deer-stalkers. The introduction of wolves into the country, which would rapidly weed out all the old and weakly animals, would probably do a great deal of good to the race, but such a measure might not meet with the approbation of sheep farmers. The illustrations in Mr. Wallace's book, which are from drawings by the author himself, are excellent and add considerably to the value of a very readable book.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 Queen's Road, Bayswater, London W.

29 December 1908.

SIR,—The Church has recovered, at great cost, the pathetic remains of her inheritance at Glastonbury. Now that this excellent result has been achieved, one asks "Why has it been done?" And the answer forthcoming is not very clear. Is it that the Church wishes officially to repudiate the excesses of the Reformation? to declare her sorrow for any share she may have had in the murder of Richard Whiting? to re-dedicate to the service of God and His Church a site which may well be called the cradle of British Christianity?

Or is the Church voluntarily adopting that amiable office with which she is so frequently credited: that of

* "Stalks Abroad." By H. F. Wallace. London: Longmans, 1908. 12s. 6d. net.

professional guardian of our national ecclesiastical relics, a body of respectable archaeologists with interests lying wholly in the past, the official caretaker "in the midst of the valley which was full of bones . . . and, lo, they were very dry"?

In the annual report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings we read that before supporting the Bishop's Purchase Fund the society demanded "an assurance that the ruins would be preserved as far as possible in their authentic condition, and that no attempt would be made to bring any portions back into use, as this would involve modernisation and result in a lamentable loss of interest". We also gather that "the Bishop and those acting with him" declared that there was "no intention whatever of restoring or disturbing the ruins of the ancient building".

Now the "Anti-Scrape" Society has done, and is doing, a very great work; there is hardly a church in the country that does not show some sign of its beneficent influence. But its otherwise excellent advice is too often neutralised by a habit of regarding churches as ancient buildings with no right or claim to be anything more. The vicar of a church which has been added to and patched in every century from 1100 till 1800 promises the society "All this I will faithfully preserve (even the Georgian pinnacles which deform the Norman tower)", but if he proposes to build a porch (for the protection of ancient Christians), or to enlarge his vestry, or to make any other necessary alterations, the society immediately becomes unsympathetic or hostile. "Shall these bones live?" "Well", says the society, "we prefer them in their authentic condition."

In the case of Glastonbury one cannot help feeling that the demands of the society are extremely unfortunate. One would so much prefer to have read: "The society fully recognises that the first idea of the Church, on buying back her property so long in alien hands, will naturally be to remedy the lamentable loss of interest, which for centuries has afflicted the site owing to the absence of a Christian altar and Christian prayers, by re-erecting an altar for the Divine Service. The society therefore, while insisting most strongly on the futility and folly of any attempt to reconstruct the great church or other parts of the conventual buildings, as this would necessarily involve wholesale modernisation and the abolition of the very little and precarious work still remaining, would nevertheless be happy to advise the Bishop and his committee how best the still solid walls of S. Joseph's (or the Lady) Chapel can be protected from the weather by the replacement of the ashlar where it has fallen and the removal of vegetation; how the floor of the chapel may be simply replaced in wood, thus forming a protection for the crypt, which has so long been an unsightly morass and a danger to the foundations; and how a simple watertight roof may be placed on the chapel. In this way the Society feels not only that the chapel will be made safer and its architectural features easier to inspect (the way to the crypt and holy well is at present beset with perils), but that the Bishop will be able to make the chapel a centre for renewed Christian worship".

The papers announce that certain repairs to the ruined walls have been begun—and none too soon. But, Sir, is this all the reparation that the Church is prepared to make? Is the pagan silence of the ruins to be undisturbed? Is the desolation of many generations to remain? If so, we find ourselves again asking "Why has it been done? To what purpose is this waste?"

Yours &c.,

B. C. BOULTER.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL ANTI-SUFFRAGE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Victoria Hotel, Nottingham, 6 January 1909.

SIR,—I have supported the National Service League since its very early days; I am now working also for the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League; and I am glad to welcome Mr. Horsfall's letter practically coupling

the aims of both associations. There are many members of either league quite out of sympathy with the other, but to me the two seem as complementary as the duties of men and women.

In working up a provincial branch of the W.N.A.S.L. I sent a letter to a local paper to explain our views, and in this letter I wrote: "I do not lay much stress on the usual anti-suffrage argument that women do not fight for their country. The obvious retort to this is that many men should also be off the voters' list in that case; but, even though he may—and does—shirk the duty of preparing for national defence, the able-bodied male is at least liable to be called upon to fight in time of emergency—bad bargain though he will prove in his untrained condition".

Mr. Horsfall's letter will bring the relation between woman suffrage and military training before a wider circle of readers than I could have hoped to touch, and I am grateful to him. The women who are opposing the suffragist demands are whole-hearted in their conviction that the government should remain in the hands of the men; they feel that their own work for the Empire is as important and as essential, and they do not believe that the possession of a Parliamentary vote will forward any reforms that cannot as well be attained by their influence. But their convictions must ever be stronger than their arguments until the men who claim the right to govern have proved—nationally and internationally—that they are prepared to back their claim with well-disciplined and well-organised force.

It is the lack of all-round discipline that is sapping the prestige of England and making her a byword among nations. In the nursery there is little unquestioning obedience required from either boys or girls; teachers are handicapped in enforcing school laws by parental complaints of undue severity. In home life and in factory, in regiments, in ships, and in the churches we see the same chafing at any sort of authority or restraint, with the result that the women are seeking scope for misdirected—or undirected—energy in demanding an authority for which they are unfitted, but which the men seem willing to let slip from their slackened grasp.

We of the Anti-Suffrage League have a sufficiently up-hill battle to fight; we cannot—and do not wish to—make ourselves heard in the market-places and at street corners; and, unless we can count on the help of those men whose authority we are seeking to uphold, we must be beaten. And we shall not be beaten by the strength of the suffragists but by the apathy of our too-passive sympathisers. The Men's Committee for Opposing Female Suffrage has been formed to support the women's league, and if the men of the country will support that, and at the same time both preach and practise the doctrine of universal military training, there is little fear of the result.

Let us train boys and girls alike to a sterner sense of national duty; not because "the path of duty is the path of safety"; not even because "the path of duty is the path of glory"; but simply because men and women alike have a duty to fulfil in that state of life to which each is called.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ANNIE J. LINDSAY,

Organising Secretary Women's National Anti-Suffrage League.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 January 1909.

SIR,—If the penalty for refusing to become a conscript people is to be woman suffrage—as Mr. T. M. Horsfall suggests in the current SATURDAY—may I urge that it is altogether too severe and we should be given an opportunity of reconsidering the matter? What no foreigner has been able to do is unlovely woman to accomplish? Better become a militant people than surrender to militant woman suffragists.

Yours truly,

OBSERVER.

SUFFRAGETTE DEMONSTRATIONS AND DISHONOURABLE CONDUCT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Women's Freedom League, 1 Robert Street W.C.
5 January 1909.

SIR,—Whether the suffragette midnight demonstration on New Year's Eve "matters" or doesn't, is no matter. What does it that anyone should be guilty of the extreme professional misconduct of obtaining, as a teacher, the signatures of pupils to any petition, and further of collecting "bogus" signatures from pupils under fifteen. "None that has a sense of honour would do such a thing." But is it so honourable to bring vague, unsupported statements in order to damage a cause with which your REVIEW is not in sympathy? By all means supply the details and let the particular education authority and the particular suffragist organisation dismiss any teacher or member thus misusing her position. The Public Prosecutor would doubtless have his attention called to a fraud of such a kind.

Trusting you will, in fairness, admit this disclaimer,
I remain yours faithfully,

KATHARINE MANSON.

[We know what we are saying. This thing was done, and we shall follow our own judgment as to dealing with it. But we are not going to expose an individual offender or offenders in the public press—even to satisfy the curiosity of our correspondent.—Ed. S.R.]

LORD METHUEN'S MANDATE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Johannesburg, 7 December 1908.

SIR,—I enclose an extract from the Johannesburg "Star" of 30 November containing a report of a speech made by Lord Methuen at the Caledonian banquet at Johannesburg on 28 November, in which he contradicted the accuracy of a telegraphic summary of a speech made by him at Durban on the subject of the withdrawal of the South African garrison.

As I was present at this banquet I can vouch for the accuracy of this report.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EWEN CAMERON.

[The following is Lord Methuen's statement to which our correspondent refers:—

I was reported in the SATURDAY REVIEW, October 1908, as follows: "... Lord Methuen seems to be much pleased at the idea of every soldier of the Regular Army being cleared out of South Africa. At any rate, if his speech is at all correctly reported, he is vastly impressed with the 'mandate' given him by Mr. Haldane to consolidate the present forces in South African colonies so that the 'mother country might be able to withdraw every soldier'. The greatness of the mission, the dignity of the trust placed in him by Mr. Haldane, flatters Lord Methuen's vanity. It would better have become a British General, who had learned by hard experience the penalty of keeping too few imperial soldiers in South Africa, to find this 'mandate' irksome. It may be a beautiful dream, this talk of leaving the defence of South Africa to the colonists, but a soldier should be made of sterner stuff. The irony of the situation is that the colonists, including even the Boer Government of the Transvaal, do not want the imperial troops to be withdrawn at present." What I really did say, Lord Methuen continued, was: "I had never a more important duty given to me than the mandate given me when I left the mother country by Mr. Haldane, viz. to do my best to consolidate the forces at present existing in this great country. From the people in South Africa was wanted an army in a time when the Empire was in great stress, and when they require every man they could lay their hands on to fight for the mother country in Europe or elsewhere. There might come a time when every Regular in South Africa, except those for the defence of the Cape Peninsula, might be taken from South Africa, and whether it was a European foe or whether it was a more probable native foe, it would be their duty to defend themselves. Mr. Haldane had asked me to do my utmost to get South Africa to give the mother country a helping hand, so that they might feel they could take every

man from South Africa, regardless of any country, and they themselves could render South Africa safe." I must repeat that the most important task that I have to perform during the time that I have the pleasure and honour to serve in this country is to do my very best to draw together the forces of this country and render them thoroughly efficient in every service of the art, so that if ever our Empire is in any danger in Europe or anywhere else, Africa may come to the front and leave us confident of having available soldiers to serve for us.]

"CATHOLIC" AND "ROMANIST."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter of "M. C." in your last issue commences with a big assumption that "'Roman Catholic' and 'Catholic' are of course precisely one and the same thing". Many words are ambiguous in that a popular signification has attached itself to them, or has been sedulously impressed on them, which is more or less different from the strict and classical use of the words; but as to the real sense of the word "Catholic" surely such standard writers as Bishops Andrews and Jeremy Taylor are at least as high authorities as Webster's Dictionary; and they apply the term to the universal Christian Church, of which the Church of Rome is only one part.

But "M. C.'s" letter is curiously Western in tone; he ignores the Eastern Church which stubbornly exists and in her creeds and official documents claims the title of "Catholic" as proudly as does the Church of Rome; and his very quotations from Bryce only show that "Roman" or "Romanist" would be a far more accurate designation of his Church than "Catholic". No doubt when he uses the latter term he may be "thinking of the World-Monarchy, the Roman Empire, co-extensive with the World-Religion, the Catholic Church". But the World-Monarchy has long since departed from the Roman Empire, nor can the World-Religion be now regarded as identical with that of the Roman Church.

H. J. W.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—"M. C." is doubtless justified in turning to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to discover the "every-day significance of words". In ordinary conversation we consider what men mean by words rather than what the words themselves mean. So when they speak of "Catholics" we are frequently right in inferring that they mean by the expression Roman Catholics. In the same way when they allude to the "Catholic Apostolics" we understand them to refer to the body sometimes known as the Irvingites.

But there is another use of words, namely to express ideas accurately. This, the ordinary use of educated men, is fixed by those writers whose works, from the purity of their style, have earned the right to rank as classics, or to be regarded as authorities from the technical and scientific exactness of their language. In legal documents and, to quote no other example, in the book of Common Prayer, the term "Catholic" is applied to the English Church as a matter of course.

I am &c.,

C. F. R.

"THE EARTHQUAKE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springbank, Hamilton N.B., 3 January 1909.

SIR,—An article on "The Earthquake" in your issue of yesterday says that "we have outgrown the offensive Pharisæic habit of seeing in these calamities a special Divine judgment on those who suffer", and ends with the quotation "Before the Chastener humbly let me bow". But surely "chastening" implies a judgment on those who suffer.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BELL.

[Not at all; chastening is education, not punishment.
Ed. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND.

"Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas.
London: Constable. 1908. 6s.

IF you wish to understand politics, you must study the men who compose the body politic. Such is the theme which Mr. Graham Wallas has deliberately overlaid with so much biological, sociological and psychological disquisition as to make it what we used to call in our undergraduate days pretty stiff reading. Not that Mr. Wallas is one of those philosophers

"Who from his study rails upon mankind".

On the contrary, he has fought five elections for the London County Council and is a member of that body: he was a member of the London School Board: and he has assisted, so he tells us, in several parliamentary contests. Complete, therefore, as is his practical equipment, Mr. Wallas indulges in so many divagations on difficult topics, such as the conflict between inheritance and environment, in so subtle a style that we fear he will be often unintelligible to his readers, unless they happen to attend lectures at the London School of Economics. A good deal, too, of his earlier chapters is a repetition, in a less lucid form, of Bagehot's "Physics and Politics". But the book is well worth the trouble of reading, for it contains many shrewd and humorous observations, and some profound reflections.

In referring to the disappointments and fears produced by modern democracy, especially in England and America, Mr. Wallas admits "the feeling that it is the growing, and not the decaying, forces of society which create the most disquieting problems". The American "machine", "the rampant bribery of the old fishing ports, or the traditional and respectable corruption of the cathedral cities" seem small and manageable evils compared with "the up-to-date newspapers; the power and skill of the men who direct huge aggregations of industrial capital" (meaning labour); and "the organised political passions of working men who have passed through the standards of the elementary schools". This is profoundly true. "More significant still is the fear, often expressed as new questions force themselves into politics, that the existing electoral system will not bear the strain of an intensified social conflict." Believing as we do that an intensified social conflict is rapidly approaching, we much wish that the Conservative party would lay to heart the following passage: "But if the rich people in any modern State thought it worth their while, in order to secure a tariff or legalise a trust, or oppose a confiscatory tax, to subscribe a third of their income to a political fund, no Corrupt Practices Act yet invented would prevent them from spending it. If they did so, there is so much skill to be bought, and the art of using skill for the production of emotion and opinion has so advanced, that the whole condition of political contests would be changed for the future. No existing party, unless it enormously increased its own fund or discovered some other new source of political strength, would have any chance of permanent success." When will the Conservatives realise that they are in real danger, and that it is worth their while to subscribe a tenth, or even a twentieth, or a fortieth, of their income to a political fund?

Mr. Wallas complains of our tendency to exaggerate the intellectuality of mankind and to study institutions rather than men. The justice of this criticism may be illustrated by the intellectual treatment of the House of Lords. The real power of the House of Lords consists in the fact that it is composed of rich noblemen, who go about the world with the "you-be-damned" manners which Englishmen love. Yet we are treated to solemn arguments about the debating ability of the peers, and the merits of the bicameral system! We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Wallas that this study of institutions instead of men by the later Victorians is due to the failure of Bentham and the Utilitarians to deduce political philosophy from "a few simple prin-

ciples of human nature". Bentham's standard of pleasure and pain has failed, because men will interpret those words in the sensual sense. But "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" (it matters not whether Bentham invented or adopted the phrase) has been enormously successful, and is still the best platform argument for a new policy. Whatever the cause, the tendency is indisputable of those who deal in politics to intellectualise overmuch, to assume, that is, whether consciously or unconsciously, that men act from intellectual calculation instead of from impulse or instinct. The amount of non-rational inference and instinctive action is in politics, as in ordinary life, enormous; and Mr. Wallas gives some amusing instances of the exploitation of the voters' emotions by symbols, verbal and material. Suggestion is more powerful than reasoning, and it is more important that a king, who is a perpetual candidate, should be seen than heard. It is a curious fact in electoral psychology that the hatred of the Chinaman was before the election transferred to the Conservatives, and after the election was passed on to the Liberals. A man of exceptional personal force and power of expression may sometimes, Mr. Wallas tells us, make a party, a political entity, in himself. "He may fashion a permanent and recognisable mask for himself as 'Honest John' or 'the Grand Old Man'": but he can only do so by obstinate adherence to unchanging opinions or by a slow, simple and consistent development. "The indifferent and half-attentive mind which most men turn towards politics is like a very slow photograph plate. He who wishes to be clearly photographed must stand before it in the same attitude for a long time. A bird that flies across the plate leaves no mark." That is good writing: and in his chapters on "impulse and instinct in politics" and on "political entities" Mr. Wallas is the acute and entertaining man of the world, who writes about what he knows.

It is when Mr. Wallas comes to the material and the method of political reasoning that the cloven hoof of the statistician shows itself. Why is it that politics is not an exact science like anatomy or chemistry? Why is it that nobody talks of an ideal skeleton, and everybody talks of an ideal democracy? The answer is that the exact sciences deal with things that can be measured, and politicians deal with things that cannot be, or have not been, measured, but only appraised or classified by a priori generalisations. Political writers give us an average man to argue about, and then warn us that the actual individuals differ from the imaginary type. Nothing less than the reduction of politics to an exact, or nearly exact, science by the substitution of quantitative for qualitative analysis is the aim of Mr. Graham Wallas and his coadjutors at the London School of Economics. By means of polygons of variation and plotted curves and logarithms we are to arrive at political conclusions. So all the statisticians think, for to-day the statistician is abroad, even more obtrusively than the schoolmaster was abroad seventy years ago. The London School of Economics has pushed its professors boldly out into the field of politics, and they have made the question of tariff reform their own. We have the most unfeigned respect for the industry and ability of these gentlemen, and we recognise the superior value of the method of quantitative analysis in politics. Statistics, like fire, are a good servant but a bad master. No political question was ever yet settled by polygons, or plotted curves, or logarithms, nor ever will be. Tariff reform will be settled at the next election not by piles of statistics about exports and imports—not ten per cent. of the electors know what a million or a percentage means—but by the questions whether the price of bread or the amount of employment will be thereby increased. Dangerous as is this false simplification of issues, it is unavoidable with such an electorate as ours, and it is fatal to the influence of the professor in politics.

Even when he has got his method of quantitative analysis as the one thing needful to save democracy, Mr. Graham Wallas does not seem to know what to do with it. For his chapter on political morality is the least satisfactory in the book, and is vague and inconclusive

to the point of being meaningless. The harmony of passion and thought is very well as an idol of the theatre, but in actual politics it is not helpful. We agree, however, that the law relating to corrupt practices will have to be strengthened and widened if we are to protect our pockets against the "big-souled geniality" of the artisan in office. Proportional representation might lead to the American ticket system, and would be worse than even the present mode of election. The most suggestive and the most practically important chapter in the book is on the relation between the permanent officials and the elected representatives of the people. Sixty years ago the Civil Service, both in India and at home, was manned by the nominees of Parliament, by the Ministers or their friends. The adoption of competitive examination, as a result of Sir Charles Trevelyan's report, was indeed a revolution. The experiment of appointing members of the Civil Service by fitness instead of favour—the theory of examination—is generally considered to be a success. But what are to be the relations between the permanent heads of the Government departments and Cabinet Ministers or members of Parliament? Civil servants are now independent of everybody: they hold their offices for life, and are irremovable except for misconduct. The results are apparent to everyone who has ever sat in the House of Commons. The Minister of the day is in the hands of the permanent head of his department, by whom he is regarded with contempt, not always good-humoured, as an ephemeral and very ignorant creature. As for the House of Commons, your permanent official takes no trouble to conceal his impatient displeasure at the attempts of the chosen representative to obtain information or to criticise administration. In short the power of the Civil Service is a development which will require attention. A chapter on "Nationality and Humanity", in which expression is given to the hope that the improvement of the whole species will come from a conscious world-purpose, based upon the recognition of racial as well as individual variety, rather than from fighting, concludes a thoughtful and remarkable book.

A LEAN YEAR.

"The Varying Year." By the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. London: Allen. 1908. 5s. net.

THE admirable light and dry wines of humour and social philosophy with which Mr. G. W. E. Russell has in times past pleased and educated our palates have become a standard, a stiff test against which the succeeding vintages have to prove themselves. Their character has been a distinct one: the mixture of bland satire on dearly relished forms of society, histories which breathed evidently from the very centre of things, literary preoccupations and Radical churchmanship gave them an unmistakable flavour, and one that encouraged a fastidious public. It must be said that this new collection falls so far below the old level of excellence as to be really puzzling. It contains, of course, a large amount of pleasantly easy reading; the light touch is often present; we still hear echoes out of very high places; and there is much good literature. But there are features which suggest that the author cannot have read the chapters over in situ. There are repetitions and reappearances sufficient to irritate all but the most indulgent of readers or those who dip and skip very skimmingly indeed. Matthew Arnold, who opens the book with a quotation about the New Year, appears in nine or ten of the twelve months into which the book is divided in a Jack-in-the-box manner that can hardly fail to disconcert anyone but a devoted follower of that master. We have three several references to Sir H. Thompson's "Food and Feeding", repeated phrases such as "air soft as butter", "volleying showers", and—but eleven pages apart—two slightly varied catalogues of the charms of a fir-wood, the bilberries, the bracken, the pink bark giving off its fascinating smell. Things like these have a mechanical

look; the insertion of long quotations—the "Waterloo Run" extends to fourteen pages without a check—suggests downright book-making. But worse than these peccadilloes is the way in which the author has poached his own preserves. It almost looks as if in forgetfulness he must have drawn upon some archetypal notebook for subjects already used; at any rate, there are anecdotes from "Collections and Recollections" and copious extracts from "A Londoner's Log-Book", mostly a little varied and modernised. The parliamentary dinner on page 38 of the "Log-Book" is now Asquith's instead of Balfour's; the "genial knight" who attained high perfection in the art of giving dinners, and invented the benevolent practice of making each course begin at a different point of the table, so that every guest in turn got the first chance at a dish, and who dealt out the asparagus like cards, an equal number of pieces to each guest, is now revealed as Sir Henry Edwards M.P. for Weymouth, whose fortune was made in linseed for poultices in the Crimean War. The little joke about "Autumns on the Spey" is hardly better in its new version. Many of Mr. Russell's stories and quotations, even his tags, are so good that we can well endure their doing double duty; but there are here and there thin ghosts of humour which it is no charity to evoke from their graves. As might have been expected, the country year with its varying seasons makes but a poor show by the side of that greater cycle which has but one. In all his descriptions of scenery or weather or sport the author is pleasingly but profoundly urban. He is, if we may judge from certain expressions we find here, not one of those who hold the delusion that a man can be at once perfectly rustic and urbane, who think they can really know the country by treating it as a justly ordained retreat from the cloying charms of town. Heaven defend that he should waste on such topics as village innocence or village dullness, or woodlands decked with amber and topaz and heavy drops of the last night's dew flashing like a diamond necklace, and the wholesome smell of the newly turned furrow, the parts meant to delight us in descriptions of the inner aroma of Westminster and the Park, in echoes of Arnoldian, Liddonian Oxford, in mottos of great men all around us which most of us are rarely in a position to hear. In several places of "The Varying Year" we come across the note of terror which is, when all is said and done, the truest expression of the genuine townsman's feeling towards the country in its ruder manners. But we could put up with libels on rural Christmases and fiendish Januaries, or tales of the aching void caused by a missing post, if we had more of the flowers which London produces nearly all the year. Nature, as she shows herself here, is a poor stopgap for the thin places of the art which Mr. Russell has taught us to expect.

PERCY OF THE RELIQUES.

"Percy, Prelate and Poet." By Alice C. C. Gaussen. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

IT is always a pleasure to see an omission made good, however late in the day. Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, died all but a hundred years ago, after a long life full of interest and distinguished by a work of worldwide fame, yet never till now has his memory been honoured by a biography. Why, unless for the sake of the alliteration, Miss Gaussen should have troubled to call him "Prelate and Poet" it is hard to say; he was both, to be sure, but it was not in either capacity that he made his name. She may well reply that, if her reviewers have no more serious fault to find with her book than that the title is ill-chosen, she is content with the result of her labours; and so she may be, for she has collected and used her material with care and taste, and tells the story with an easy raciness of style which is sadly to seek in too many biographies.

Percy was quite a young man—he had not yet gone to Oxford—when he made the discovery which secured for him a permanent and honourable place in the annals of

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English literature. While staying with Humphrey Pitt, at Shifnal in Shropshire, he chanced to notice "a scrubby, shabby paper book lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in the parlour". Several pages, containing we know not what treasures, were missing, having been used by the maids to light the fire! But enough remained to kindle his enthusiasm and to make the foundation for his famous "Reliques", first published many years later in 1765. "To few modern books", writes Sir George Douglas in a short preface to this Life, "is the much-abused epithet of 'epoch-making' more applicable"; it marks the renaissance of balladry. A copy came into the hands of Scott when he was a little boy, and he tells us that "the summer day sped onwards so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet". Percy, of course, did not recognise the essentially "communal" origin of the true ballad, and the notion of "incremental repetition" was quite unknown to him; these ideas and their scientific development belong to much more modern times. But it detracts not at all from the importance of his work that his theories have since been proved to be unsound. He was a pioneer, and in spite of Ritson's and Warburton's gibes and, it must be confessed, in spite of his own unfortunate habit of trying to improve the originals to suit the public taste, he has left behind him a noble monument of his industry and learning. And with all his love of antiquarian research Percy never became a mere book-worm. On the contrary, he was always fond of society, learned or general. In 1768 he became a member of the Literary Club, and till his death remained one of that select circle. Dr. Johnson, who went to stay with him once at his Northamptonshire vicarage, was his warm admirer and friend, notwithstanding occasional quarrels—for neither had the sweetest of tempers; one of these, arising out of a discussion about Pennant and a careless reference by Percy to Johnson's short sight, is recorded at length by Boswell. An interesting mention of Johnson is contained in a letter, to which Boswell had not access, from Mrs. Percy to her husband, written from Brightelmston in 1769: "My Dearest Life—Wou'd you believe it but I do assure you Dr. Johnson comes to the Rooms every night. The Thrales have made him quite a new man, and he looks so smart that you would hardly know him, and is in charming health". Indeed, it may be said, without any disparagement of Percy himself, just as the same may be said of Boswell's Life without disparaging Johnson, that this book owes its attractiveness very largely to the incidental references to well-known people of the period, such as Gray, whom Percy met at Oxford; Goldsmith, whom he admired and befriended; Reynolds, who painted his portrait; Betty, Duchess of Northumberland, his patroness, "a lady", as Boswell truly wrote, "of excellent understanding and lively talents"; and many others.

A charming feature of Percy's life was his deep devotion to his wife, whose praises he sang in the days of their courting in his best-known poem, an imitation ballad, beginning "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?" Her contemporaries looked upon her as "a good creature", though nothing above the ordinary; but her husband, who from his early letters seems to have been something of a connoisseur in feminine graces and accomplishments, idealised her. Most of their children died young; Henry, the only son, of whom they had high hopes, was a King's Scholar at Westminster, and went thence to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where unhappily he caught a chill: this developed into consumption, and he died at Marseilles in 1783, just after his father's appointment to the bishopric of Dromore. This was a heavy blow to him, but Bishop Percy was a man who bore his troubles well; and he had not a few yet to come. For Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century did not make for a quiet life, as may be gathered from the graphic accounts of attacks by the French, rebellions, and riots given in Miss Gausson's narrative and the Bishop's own letters. Through all these troubles he stood by his duty better than many others did at that time. Even the death of his wife and

the blindness which darkened the last years of his life he suffered with remarkable courage. He died in 1811, aged eighty-three. He had been a good bishop, judged by the standards of the period, generous, painstaking, tolerant towards and beloved by members of all denominations. As a man, in spite of his hot temper, he was a genial companion and a good friend, and not the less so for his liberal endowment with common-sense and worldly wisdom. He was one whom it would have been a pleasure to know, and of whom it is a pleasure to read.

THE LANCASTRIAN CARDINAL.

"Henry Beaufort." By Lewis Bostock Radford.
London: Pitman. 1908. 3s. 6d.

THE great misfortune of Cardinal Beaufort was that he stood for a dying cause, while his opponent, "good Duke Humphrey", no little man in England and "beloved of the Commons", had the future on his side. The struggle between the two men was no doubt largely personal, but it represented also the clash of the new ideals with the old. Beaufort was in a sense the last of the English mediaevalists. He was the champion of a reformed Papacy, a great figure in the general councils of the Church, a fighter in the Hussite crusade. He had a sense of the solidarity of Christendom and no overpowering admiration of the dawning Renaissance. As in Church, so in State. He was a Lancastrian constitutionalist, and he upheld the idea of a Government responsible to the estates of the realm. In foreign affairs he displayed that moderation and that sense of international justice that marked the best statesmen of the days before Macchiavelli. He believed in the justice of Henry V.'s claim to the French crown, but when he saw that permanent success in the enterprise was hopeless, he advocated concessions which might have saved Normandy and Guienne. "Good Duke Humphrey", on the other hand, stood for the ideas of the Renaissance and the Tudors. He was imbued with the Tudor love of the new learning, the Tudor antagonism to the ecclesiastical and constitutional ideals of the Middle Ages, the Tudor inclination to despotic rule, the Tudor popular sympathies, and the Tudor insular and ruthless hostility to foreign nations. No wonder, then, that the "good Duke" appeared to Shakespeare as the hero and Beaufort the villain of the time. Shakespeare's estimate of the characters of the two protagonists was, as we now know, inaccurate. For, as this biography shows, it might be more truly said of the Cardinal than of his enemy that "he watch'd" "night by night in studying good for England". It is a consolation to reflect that there is no historical justification for the dramatist's dread picture of the deathbed of the founder of Holy Cross haunted by the fiend of black despair. For "the Cardinal, as the end drew near, summoned the clerks of the neighbourhood, both secular and regular, to the great hall of his palace of Wolvesey at Winchester. It was the day before Palm Sunday. Lying there on his couch he had the Burial Service and the Requiem Mass said in his presence. Next morning the Prior of S. Swithin's celebrated Mass for him; his will was read once more and he confirmed it with an audible voice, and then said good-bye to them all, and so passed away". For Duke Humphrey's arrest at Bury S. Edmunds he was in no way responsible. It was the work of Margaret and Suffolk, and there is no contemporary evidence that the Duke met foul play.

The present biography, which forms the first volume in a new series of Makers of National History, is well done. Beaufort's merits as a Churchman and a statesman are duly appreciated, and his faults are not concealed. Our author is especially interesting on ecclesiastical questions. For instance, he explains with great clearness Henry V.'s anti-imperial policy in the later stages of the Council of Constance, the effect of which was to strengthen the Papacy and to postpone the Reformation for a century.

LITTLE PAPERS.

"Early Victorian and other Papers." By E. S. P. Haynes. London: Elkin Mathews. 1908. 1s. net.

MR. HAYNES must not charge us with belittling his essays, for we have taken for title his own description of them. "These little papers" he calls them in his preface, and the truth of the description went home to us. We do not at all take it as modesty's disparagement of "a little thing, but mine own". Mr. Haynes writes of early and middle Victorians, fondles them, lingers around them, says everything he can for them; but we acquit him of any share in their weaknesses. He has the strength to be indulgent of these but himself to steer clear—no small tribute to his character. Were he a middle Victorian, we should know very well that he thought his papers very big indeed and therefore deprecated them as little. Instead we give him the credit of gauging his own work and telling the truth about it. "Well, why should not they be little papers? Why may not I write flimsies if I wish?" Certainly, it is irrelevant criticism at best to call a man's work slight, unimportant, tending no-whither, if the author meant it to be slight and tend no-whither. One might object reasonably that he could have done better work—we could say that of Mr. Haynes—but we must not complain that work meant to be slight is slight.

But what did Mr. Haynes mean? We are not sure, and there is our real criticism of these papers. Sometimes they seem serious, and the seriousness vanishes into thin air—we do not mean gas—Mr. Haynes never gasses. Other times they seem, or begin to seem, merely fanciful—we begin almost to rise on butterfly wings, but the wings soon fail and we are down again. The general result on the reader's nerves—at any rate on our nerves—is an unsatisfying effect of not quite coming off. These papers are not quite serious thought; and they are not irresponsible talk. They are without *μεριμναί* and yet are not *κοίφα*. Quite to come off, anything said must be worth saying either for what it says or for how it says it. No doubt the best will be worth saying for both. But there is very little best—not an ounce to a ton. So that the mass of second best—which means, in effect, the best one can get or expect to get—comes under one of our two categories. We read it either for the matter or for the manner. Weighty stuff may be decently clothed in words; but we know very well we are discounting the words all the time—or trying to. They are either ignored or an irritation. One can't deny that there is an immense amount of stuff, well worth reading for facts or thoughts, written vilely. This affects us as might a great woman—in character and culture—hideously dressed. Also, we must confess, there is a vast amount of "literature" pleasant—more than pleasant—delightful to read, of which we know very little—and admit it, if we are honest—that we really do not care twopence which way the argument goes, nor even what is to be proved, nor what is to be described. In solemn language, it has no serious import. But if it misses by a hair's breadth the right touch, the effect is lost. And truthfully we are bound to say that Mr. Haynes' little papers, to our taste, have missed this right effect.

They are pleasant to the palate—we read them through without any boredom—but pleasant in the peculiar—rather infelicitous—way of suggesting a better or more delicate flavour. His subjects are attractive—you start with zest; you go along quietly, always expecting to get into the real thing soon, but you never do. Hence you put down each paper with a kind of injured sense. You have been in a way swindled. By the end of the book this little swindle almost makes you angry. Mr. Haynes might fairly enough as defendant ask us for particulars. But he knows as well as we do that style is feeling more than anything else. It may be feeble not to be able to give details, chapter and verse for one's impressions—and true criticism can be nothing but the educated reasonable man's impressions—but the fact stands that you cannot. We can only say that if writing leaves a certain impression on an honest and equipped reader, there must be some cause for it, and the author is more likely to discover it, if he wants to, than the critic. It would be easy—and very

pleasant—to discuss with Mr. Haynes on merits Victorian character or Oxford and Cambridge or any other of his dainty dishes; but that would be giving ourselves away entirely. Little papers are not to be weighed. Criticism of their style alone can be relevant.

NOVELS.

"By Faith Alone: a Novel." By René Bazin. London: Nash. 1908. 6s.

"This My Son." By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport, with the assistance of Miss M. Edwardes. London: Sisley's. 1908. 6s.

It is not explained by what hands "*Le Blé qui lève*" has been given an English dress, nor what induced the responsible persons to disguise so completely the name of a well-known novel. The translation runs easily, and if there are any who have failed to read the original, we can cordially commend to them this most interesting study of peasant life in the Nivernais. The indifference to religion of certain French peasants who still look to the Church to give them its last rites is effectively contrasted with the keen religious interest of Belgian Catholics. In his discussion of absenteeism, of the indiscriminating distrust shown by a peasantry perverted by demagogues towards individual country gentlemen who try to do their duty by the land, and of the relations between farmers and labourers, M. Bazin handles with insight a particular aspect of rural problems which exist all over Western Europe. But it must be confessed that the story itself is almost lifeless and the individual characters not very interesting.

"This My Son" is the story of a man who in Ireland would be called "a spoiled priest", a boy educated for the priesthood who fails to take the vows. Pierre Noellet, eldest son of a small peasant proprietor in La Vendée, knows that his only chance of getting the education to which his ambitions aspire is to pretend that he wishes to be a priest, and thus persuades his father to find the money for his schooling. But his heart is really set on winning the daughter of the manor, his early play-fellow, and he hopes to make for himself a literary career in Paris which will give him the fame and fortune requisite for his aspirations. Of course Paris kills his hopes and wrecks him, as it has wrecked so many hopeful young countrymen, and when his father relents and takes him back the boy is dying. A story simple enough, but M. Bazin colours every page with his sympathetic understanding of rural life, of the call of the land, of the allurements towards town life that so easily grips the farmboy who discovers that he has brains and yet so rarely leads him to happiness.

"Some Ladies in Haste." By Robert W. Chambers. London: Constable. 1908. 6s.

When Mr. William Manners, a representative of the New York idle rich, acquired hypnotic powers (which would not work backwards) and began to practise absent treatment on his men friends and on attractive young women seen by chance from the club window, he soon produced effects not unlike that which Mr. Kipling describes as getting hold of a comet by the tail. An assiduous business man was converted into a zealot for nature study, a snobbish "society leader" became a maniac for equality, and so on. Meanwhile the metamorphoses in the unknown girls led them across the respective paths of the converted young men. The working out of the idea is a little obvious, but some of the episodes are really amusing, and the author is so lighthearted as to chaff President Roosevelt with effect. Only the most morose can fail to respond to the spectacle of two fashionable young people racing each other up a high tree after a rare butterfly, or the scene in which a *ci-devant* blasée girl who has taken to roaming her woods as Diana is wooed by an advertisement contractor turned landscape painter. His pictures excite universal derision, but he finds consolation when he dons the goat-skin of Pan and, placing himself in the path of the goddess, vigorously performs on the fife "Rally round the Flag, Boys!"—the only tune that he can play.

"Rose-white Youth." By Dolf Wyllarde. London: Cassell. 1908. 6s.

The author paints the portrait of sweet fifteen against a country-house background, and succeeds sufficiently well to make the colour-printed frontispiece of Betty asleep in bed seem even more commonplace after reading about her than it did before. It is an ultra-sentimental story, but perhaps it was bound to be that if it was to be sympathetic with Betty's shy awakening to consciousness of womanhood and the feelings evoked in her by the gallant captain just twice her age who kissed her a little before he ought to have done. The feminine hand betrays itself in the greater insight with which the womenfolk in the book are drawn as compared with the men—notably, besides Betty, a dangerous grass-widow and an old-maidish painter; perhaps also in occasional passages meant, we suppose, for comic relief. "Dolf Wyllarde" is not a humourist, nor yet—judging by her verses in "Rose-white Youth"—a poet of much technical accomplishment; but her book shows a good deal of shrewd observation and a keen sense of the pathos of life even in its teens—viewed from a little way off.

"Renée." By Henry Curties. London: Grant Richards. 1908. 6s.

We should like to know where Mr. Curties found the story of the substitution of an illegitimate child of Louis XII. for Claude, his daughter by Anne of Brittany. The dates are altered to suit the exigency of the invention. Claude and François were married not in 1515 but 18 May 1514, during the lifetime of Louis, when such a deception could not have been practised. Moreover, Claude was *not* "born when her mother was advanced in life". Anne of Brittany was only twenty-three in 1499, when Claude was born. However, we should not quarrel with the inaccuracy of the tale if it were of more remarkable merit or of admirable ingenuity. There is no attempt made to realise the intellectual atmosphere of the Court of François, nor is there any reference to his very important sister Marguerite. The tale is padded out to requisite length with dull historical interpolations such as the narrative of the death of Joan of Arc, dragged in as a soldier's reminiscence.

MOUNTAINEERS AND GLOBE-TROTTERS.

"Ruwenzori: an Account of the Abruzzi Expedition." By Filippo de Filippi. London: Constable. 1908. 31s. 6d. net.

"From Ruwenzori to the Congo." By A. F. R. Wollaston. London: Murray. 1908. 15s. net.

"Some African Highways." By Caroline Kirkland. London: Duckworth. 1908. 6s. net.

"Mountaineering in the Land of the Midnight Sun." By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. London: Unwin. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

"A Pleasure Pilgrim in South America." By C. D. Mackellar. London: Murray. 1908. 15s. net.

"Kashmir: the Land of Streams and Solitudes." By P. Pirie. Illustrated in Colour by H. R. Pirie. London: Lane. 1908. 21s. net.

"My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus." By A. F. Mummery. 2nd Edition; 4th Impression. London: Unwin. 21s. net.

Six new travel books, only one of them indispensable, and a new edition of a well-known climber's record, which went through three impressions in the year of publication, also unhappily the year of the explorer's death. Does anyone go anywhere for a month's holiday without feeling it absolutely incumbent on him to put an account of his journey into print as though he were a Marco Polo visiting a far Cathay? A. F. Mummery was an exception, and his first words were a protest against the fate which "decrees that the mountaineer should sooner or later fall a victim to the furor scribendi". Fate also seems to decree that the traveller and explorer who has least to tell should be keenest to tell it. In Mummery's case there was a good deal to tell, and if he had not sacrificed himself in the Himalayas to his passion for "slap-up climbs" and the chances of "bagging a peak" we might have had a book more important and entertaining even than that on the Alps and the Caucasus. To the new edition Mr. J. A. Hobson contributes "an appreciation" of Mummery, with memories and impressions of his personality on the intellectual and economic

side; and Mrs. Mummery writes an introduction which shows how her husband came to the very point of realising his ambition to ascend Nanga Parbat only to disappear for ever. "You will have a wire before this reaches you", he wrote in a letter which was undated, but was probably written on 23 August, 1895. On the following day, says Mrs. Mummery, "my husband and the two Gurkhas were seen for the last time". The incident adds the touch of tragedy to an interesting volume.

Mr. Wollaston was the doctor of the expedition which, under Mr. Ogilvie Grant, was first in the field in the exploration of the Mountains of the Moon and the country which forms the east of the Congo and the west of Uganda. The contributions to the flora and fauna from tropical Africa collected for the Natural History Museum were numerous and valuable. Mr. Wollaston's book is an admirable extra-official record of the work accomplished on Ruwenzori in 1905. That expedition anticipated by a year the Duke of the Abruzzi's, the record of which is told by Signor Filippo de Filippi from the Prince's notes and journals. It was "the dear wish" of Stanley, the discoverer of Ruwenzori, that some lover of Alpine climbing should take the mountain range in hand and explore it "from top to bottom through all those enormous defiles and those deep gorges". The Duke of the Abruzzi may claim to have done what Stanley suggested, and the results of his investigations and adventures are set out in a handsome volume which will appeal at once to the scientific climber and the lover of travel literature. On the picturesque side the book is as striking as on the scientific. The only part that is not indispensable is the record of the journey from Mombasa through Uganda. Descriptions of Uganda are becoming a little plentiful. Mr. Wollaston takes us all the way from Mombasa to Boma. In one chapter he deals with the Congo native question, and, like so many other independent witnesses, he gives very small support to the atrocity charges brought against the Free State authorities. His appendices should be useful to future travellers. "Some African Highways" is an account of the trip made by two American women—not "Dianas" in this case—to Uganda and the Transvaal. Readers of Mr. Churchill's African Journey may find it interesting to compare some of these notes with his. The book has an introduction by Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell. He is of opinion that women who travel in less-known countries, and American women in particular, bring into play greater natural gifts of observation than men possess, and with remarkable results. We hope there is no double meaning implied in that seemingly gallant suggestion. Equally we hope that every lady who goes to Africa in search of novel conditions will not consider General Baden-Powell's introduction an invitation to put her impressions into book form.

Mrs. Le Blond's mountaineering experiences in Norway, very pleasantly described and fully illustrated by snapshots, present no novelty. Mr. Mackellar has broken less familiar ground, and of course friends have urged the publication of these letters from South America. His chapters may serve to remind the English reader of the vast resources which await development in that continent, and his conclusion cannot be too often or too emphatically insisted upon. Who is to control the future of South America?—not the United States, Mr. Mackellar thinks. "Now is the time for our Government by a broadminded, farseeing, bold policy—one laughs as one writes such words—not only to recover her vanishing trade but to enormously increase it." The sound sense of this may excuse Mr. Mackellar's English. The volume is plentifully supplied with illustrations, one of which, Lake Taticaca, appears both as a frontispiece and opposite page 284. A book on Kashmir has picturesque possibilities; in neither the letterpress by Miss Pirie nor the illustrations by her sister do we find anything which calls for special comment. Both writer and artist were conscious of the appeal which Kashmir in its history and its beauty makes to all comers. The book is neither very good nor very bad, and belongs to a class which we suppose finds a public, though in book-production the supply is not always regulated by the demand.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

"The Æneid of Virgil." Translated into English by J. W. Mackail. London: Macmillan. 1908. 5s. net.

"Virgil." Translated by John Jackson. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.

This is a revised edition of Dr. Mackail's prose translation of the Æneid which was first published in 1885. A standard modern text is now used, that of F. A. Hirtzel in the *Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis* and "a

number of errors and inelegancies have been removed". That this translation has been, is, and will be, of substantial use for the purposes which a prose translation of a great poem can serve it would be superfluous to say. Dr. Mackail is as well known for his scholarship as he is for translations into English of Greek and Latin classics which have won the approval of the learned, and enlarged the literature in which English readers may delight. The best prose translation of the *Æneid* we cannot think can do this for English readers. It is deeply interesting with a knowledge of the text to compare it with Dr. Mackail's version. But to tempt the merely English reader to go through the *Æneid* he must have the melody, the swing, and the sentiment of verse, which, however far off, may reproduce the original in a sense the best prose cannot do. It is enough to say that Dr. Mackail's translation is admirable for its obvious use: that is, to give the assistance of a scholar and a man of taste in making a good rendering of Virgil's sense. In this must be included, we think, what Dr. Mackail suggests to be its less obvious use as a condensed and continuous commentary upon a poem which only yields its full beauty and meaning to minute study and exact understanding. In translations it is often as difficult to understand the English as the original. Dr. Mackail is not one who leaves his sentences as inchoate as the "construe" of the ordinary schoolboy. But one series of phrases—they cannot be said to make up a sentence—has escaped the search for inelegancies. We give it as a specimen of what Dr. Mackail otherwise is not. "Fearful of that the daughter of Saturn, the old war in her remembrance that she fought at Troy for her beloved Argos long ago—nor had the springs of her anger nor that bitter pain yet gone out of mind: deep stored in her soul lies the judgment of Paris, the insult of her slighted beauty, the hated race and the dignities of ravished Ganymede: fired by these also she drove all over ocean the Trojan remnant left of the Greek host and merciless Achilles, and held them afar from Latium; and many a year were they wandering, driven of fate around all the sea." Virgil's comment when he comes to the end of his tangled passage is "Such work was it to found the Roman people". Is it a subtlety of translation, intended to enforce Virgil's comment, that explains the prodigious unformed phrases as they stand?

Dr. Jackson's translation of the *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and *Æneid* is also based on the text of Mr. Hirtzel. Like the two friendly rival swains of the fifth *Eclogue*, Dr. Mackail and Dr. Jackson would each admire the other's translation of the *Æneid*; for, as Dr. Mackail says, no two men would translate Virgil alike. It would be an equal but a different fortune for the reader to have either. But on only one point will we venture a comparison, and that is as to the passages above quoted from Dr. Mackail's translation. Here Dr. Jackson's is absolutely to be preferred.

"*Latin Prose Composition.*" By W. E. Hardie M.A., Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh. London: Arnold. 1908. 4s. 6d. net.

Just as in Chaucer's time there existed the French of Stratford atte Bowe and that of Paris, so there are at the present time the Latin of Paris and the Latin of Oxford, but in this case it is probable that the Latin of Oxford is the nearer to the Ciceronian standard, especially as the French genius seems to prefer the ideals of the Silver and even of the Brazen age, as may be seen by the far greater popularity enjoyed in France by such writers as Statius and Lucan. Another reason perhaps is that Latin never is and never can be quite such a dead language to the French as it is to us, inasmuch as their own language is a direct descendant of Latin. A sort of mysterious Latin Sprachgefühl wells up within them through their own idiom and prevents them taking such a purely static and stalactite view of the language as we, belonging to a Germanic race, can do. Professor Hardie's "*Latin Prose Composition*" is the work of an enthusiastic expert. It is divided into two parts—one entitled "*Notes on Syntax*" and the other "*A Brief Survey of the Resources of Expression in Latin*". For ourselves we have read it with much profit and pleasure, and have not been a little amused at the vigorous "digs" that the author makes here and there at the reformers, off whom he not infrequently scores a palpable hit. To take only one case, he points out that to christen two characters Tullius and Cassius is equivalent to calling them by such disparate names as Robinson and John.

"*Bible Lessons for Schools: The Acts of the Apostles.*" By E. M. Knox, Principal of Havergal College, Toronto. London: Macmillan. 1908. 3s. 6d.

Miss E. M. Knox has compiled a modern version of the Acts of the Apostles which steers a middle course between the florid Asiatic style of Farrar and the nauseating unctuousness of Evangelical commentators. She has freely

laid under contribution such standard authorities as Ramsay, Harnack, Conybeare and others, but her treatment on the whole is decidedly orthodox and conservative. By breaking up her narrative into paragraphs she brings out the main lessons of the book—a feature that should be of great use to the average Sunday-school teacher and give point and meaning to his or her somewhat flaccid exposition. Miss Knox continues her narrative beyond the limit of the Acts by drawing on the scanty records of the Epistles and supplementing them by tradition. She is thus enabled to round off her story by a short description of the trial and martyrdom of S. Paul.

"*Nature Study.*" By Professor J. R. Ainsworth Davis M.A., F.C.P. London: Dent. 1908. 2s. 6d.

Professor Ainsworth Davis has compiled a most delightful nature-study reader for higher classes in schools. The style is lucid, straightforward and concise. Nor are sundry touches of humour lacking. The reason of birds singing is explained on the analogy of pigs grunting, which, he tells us, was once accounted for by a labourer to a little girl on the following hypothesis: "I expect they do it for company, missy". The book is divided into two sections, one dealing with plant life, and the other with animal life. There are over one hundred illustrations; the great majority are reproductions from photographs. Many of them are models of clearness, and invaluable therefore for the study of details; they should also appeal to the æsthetic side of the child, as renderings of the beauty of wild nature. To mention only a couple of instances, the illustrations of Herbarium and of the Robin's Nest.

"*A Complete Arithmetic, with Exercises and Answers.*" By M. Eastwood B.Sc. and J. Lightfoot D.Sc., M.A. London: Holland. 1908. 4s. net.

"*A Complete Arithmetic*" is intended for the advanced student. It is in fact a sort of encyclopædia on the subject, and will probably be found more useful as a book to dip into and consult than one to be worked through from start to finish. One of the most novel features in the book is a certain number of labour-saving processes, which have not appeared in other works of the kind. Algebraic symbols are freely used, as in the case of cube root, but the old-fashioned method of summarising rules might, in some cases at least, be with advantage omitted. The ideal to aim at is to think in processes rather than in words.

"*School Algebra.*" By W. E. Paterson. Part I. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1908. 2s. 6d.

This is an excellent introduction to algebra. The transition from arithmetic to algebra is effected on a very easy (Continued on page 52.)

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gradient, and graphs are freely laid under contribution. A noteworthy feature of the book is a revision chapter in the middle, in which the more important points already dealt with are again passed in review, and new and more difficult matter introduced. The author has in fact deliberately repeated certain simple formulæ, doubtless because he has learnt by experience that repetitions are far more effective than references. The latter are ignored as a rule by the average schoolboy, to whom out of sight is synonymous with out of mind. Not a few of the examples are original, and a still greater number have been culled from the examination papers of numerous examining bodies.

"The Analytical Geometry of Conic Sections." By the Rev. E. H. Askwith D.D. Illustrated with 76 Diagrams. London: Black. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

This book deals with coordinate geometry as distinguished from pure geometry, and is intended as a companion volume to the author's book on pure geometry, which it is meant to supplement, especially in its later portions. Unlike too many books on the subject, it is no mere replica or repetition of preceding works, but bears on every page the traces of a practical teacher in touch with the difficulties of the ordinary student of the subject. The questions are largely taken from College and University examination papers, and in not a few instances just the right amount of help is given in suggesting the solution.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Little People." By Richard Whiteing. London: Cassell. 1908. 6s.

"London Sidelights." By Clarence Rook. London: Arnold. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Whiteing and Mr. Rook are specialists in the delineation of the classes of person to whom Mr. Whiteing in this collection of essays or sketches gives the name of "Little People". They are the people of no consequence or importance in a sense, yet whose types, characteristics, modes of life and speech and thought, their troubles or amusements and habits, furnish much and readable "copy" to novelists and journalists. Mr. Whiteing approaches them as critic, moraliser, commentator upon them, in a sympathetic but at the same time ironical spirit. Moreover, he will have us see the little people in some big people; and he invites us in one essay to the ironical consideration of the great Napoleon, who with a brother who subsequently became a king contemplated at an early period of their lives becoming the keepers of a boarding-house. As another example we may mention the story of the man who for a purpose wished to be supposed mad, and only achieved his purpose by acting strictly reasonably—as Mr. Whiteing takes reasonable. The essays are well written, with a background of socialism for a theory, which without being obtrusive gives a continuity to them.

Mr. Rook is altogether concrete. He does not stop to philosophise or moralise. His work is clever impressionist journalist work, the product of keen interest in all sides of London life and London people, of a sharp eye and a sense of the comic and the humorous. He tells us much of omnibuses and motors and cabs, of talks with their drivers, of their peculiarities of thinking and acting. He is the chronicler of the Londoner as he goes about the streets by night and day; and through locomotion he impresses us with the vastness of a city that has neither beginning nor end. Although generally Mr. Rook is within the limits of the descriptive reporter "The London Crowd", "Alf", "Old 'Erb", "Anky-Panky-Anner", and "The Bath of Silence" take us within the bounds of literary humour and feeling.

"Walford's County Families, 1909." 50s.

This valuable book of reference was the subject of an article in this Review in respect of the volume for 1908. We then drew attention to the history of the work and commented on its development. We thought then, and still think, that the work does not correspond with its title and that it no longer fulfils the function set forth by its founder in the preface to the first edition. It is not however easy to alter the form in which a standard work of reference appears or to change its title. As a chronicle of individuals, prominent for their social, official, and professional positions—rather than of families—"Walford's County Families" may challenge the first place. The information is precise and collected with care and industry. The index to seats is valuable, as also the list of owners under counties, both printed as an appendix. The work is well bound and well printed. In the preface to this edition the editor gives a list of hereditary titles supposed to have become extinct or dormant in the past year, and intimates that he has made numerous changes in the names and

numbers of regiments, rendered necessary by the establishment of the new Territorial Force. This latter fact of itself indicates the effort to attain accuracy and the labour which such a work entails.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 1 Janvier.

This number contains an appreciative paper on the work of the late "Arvède Barine", by M. René Doumie. In addition to her well-known books she wrote numerous articles on questions of the day. "These," he says "would make an excellent book by which all the women who were wise enough to take pleasure in it would know how to profit. It will teach them, without pedantry or weakness, the art of living." Madame Barine was gifted with the old French "esprit" which has forsaken the "femme nouvelle". M. Joly writes with sense and knowledge on a topic that is a burning one in France to-day, that of capital punishment. He treats the question as only a part of the much larger one of social reform in general. M. Bertrand has an interesting article on the "people" in the East. The "intellectuals", not the masses, made the Turkish revolution, and what the masses will do remains the problem and the danger of the future. The intellectual class imitates the West; the people will not.

THE JANUARY REVIEWS.

Will the spring bring war in South-Eastern Europe? Mil. R. Ivanovitch in the "Fortnightly Review" takes a view of the responsibilities of Europe in regard to the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina which certainly does not make for peace. Austria-Hungary, he says, is a prison of numerous nationalities all panting to escape, and has taken the preliminary in the annexed provinces to "the incarceration of the entire Serb race". His study of international compacts in the last thirty years leads to four conclusions: The Treaty of Berlin, being a European affair, cannot be modified unilaterally; hence the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina is a flagrant violation of the rights of Europe. The question can only be regarded as an integral part of the Serb problem. The evacuation of the Sandjak by Austria is merely throwing dust in the eyes of the world, and the Near Eastern question, the most delicate and thorny in the Old World, having been raised in all "its pristine gravity", Europe must remind Austria of vital principles in clear and unambiguous terms. In other words, we take it Mil. R. Ivanovitch expects Europe to pull the Serbian chestnuts out of the fire. Sir Francis Younghusband in the "National" gives proof of the intense dislike in which the Servians hold Austria: the explanation, of course, is that Austria stands in the way of the realisation of the Greater Serbia dream—"when Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Montenegro would all be one and independent, and Serbia would have her own port on the coast and the backing of Russia". With all its complications, Sir Francis Younghusband thinks the situation will only result in war if Germany and Austria make things impossible. "On the spot the general opinion among men in the street is that with so much loose powder lying about, war in the spring is almost a probability. And no one is so cocksure as the President of our Board of Trade that 'nothing will happen'. Everyone hopes that he may be right, and all are doing their best to prove in fact how wise he is". Sir Francis would have all the European Powers join in supporting the "promising Young Turk movement" in the same way that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe supported the reform movement in his day. It was a cunning move of the Young Turk to invite members of the Balkan Committee to Constantinople. Mr. Noel Buxton, writing in the "Nineteenth Century" from that city, says that if anywhere the committee had not earned a welcome, it was surely the capital of Turkey. He puts his confidence in the future of the Young Turks interrogatively. The old régime in any case has gone, but Mr. Buxton seems to be anxious that Macedonia should be dealt with by the Powers. He cannot forget the mission of the Balkan Committee. The story of the Young Turks is sympathetically told in "Blackwood" by a Salonika correspondent. Dr. Dillon in the "Contemporary" is almost ecstatic over their marvellous achievements, but he is not unaware of the rocks ahead. "The Turks have wrought a series of miracles during the last few months, and they have acquired the right to be hopeful. One more wonder, by far the most difficult of all, still remains to be performed: the change of ethnic discord into harmony." Mr. W. T. Stead has a novel point of view in the "Contemporary". As the result of "the arrival of the Slavs", by which he means the enormous increase in their birth rate—the figures for one year being equal to those of Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Austria-Hungary together—he foresees the dawn

(Continued on page 54.)

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of a new era in Europe. It is to be an era of decentralisation and federation, and in one form or another from S. Petersburg to Prague, from Prague to Adrianople, there will be federations "of free self-governing States, as peaceful as the Swiss cantons, in which the Slavs, by sheer force of numbers, will of necessity be in the ascendant".

Last month the "National Review" gave Mr. Balfour a little sum in subtraction. He was told that the only way to success was to get rid of the greater number of his colleagues on the front bench, and find a new set in view of the good time when he will be called upon to form a Unionist Government. This month the "Fortnightly" takes the same line, Auditor Tantom assuring us of "the plain fact" that "the Unionist party in the Commons does not contain even the nucleus of a strong Administration". Auditor Tantom does not mince his political personalities. Mr. Balfour is in a state of splendid isolation—the brilliant leader of a hopeless phalanx of incompetents. There are few exceptions in his sweeping indictment. Mr. Akers-Douglas is an instrument of party self-effacement rather than self-assertion; Mr. Walter Long, "sound speaker, sound administrator, sound partisan, sound lieutenant, sound ally", is nothing more. He lacks freshness of ideas and neither waxes nor wanes. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is not enlivening, and his methods convey the impression "of elaborate preparations for chasing a little bird out of a big bush". Mr. F. E. Smith is a "most useful member" of the Opposition, but his performances have no body, and he has not done half the good work of Lord Robert Cecil, who is threatened with exclusion because he opposes Tariff Reform. From the general rut of mediocrity only one of Mr. Balfour's lieutenants stands out. Mr. Bonar Law alone has in him any of the qualities which made Mr. Chamberlain. He is "one of the few whose artillery makes visible breaches in the enemy's walls". And so on and so on. By a process of exhaustion Auditor Tantom proves to his own satisfaction, or dissatisfaction, that the party is "deplorably lacking in good men"—lacking "beyond parallel in recent political history". But he does not despair, if the younger men will bestir themselves. We suspect the cloven hoof in Auditor Tantom, but in which direction it lies we cannot detect. Perhaps he is a free importer. If so he will find an article in the "National" on the Confederacy which has been organised with a view to dealing with the enemies of fiscal reform in the Unionist ranks, as little to his taste as some of "the old gang" in the party will find his article in the "Fortnightly". On the fiscal question Mr. Beattie Crozier in the "Financial Review of Reviews" makes some pertinent comments concerning the "pervasive fallacies" of Professor Marshall's much-advertised Memorandum. Lord Ribblesdale in the "Nineteenth Century" is "very angry" with Lord Lansdowne for the course he took over the Second Reading of the Licensing Bill; "two or three more operations of this kind will incline one to think that, on its own showing, the House of Lords is asking to be converted into a debating society". In the same Review Mr. J. A. R. Marriott discusses the Select Committee's Report on the House of Lords, emphasising the necessity, as the first essential step towards reform, of a rigorous curtailment of numbers.

There is little about Lord Morley's scheme of Indian reform: not a word even in either the "Asiatic Quarterly" or the "Empire Review". Lord Morley's speech on 17 December came a little too late for most of the January issues. The "Nineteenth Century" and the "National" are not of the number, Mr. S. M. Mitra giving the loyal Hindu view in the one, Sir Charles Roe the common-sense Anglo-Indian view in the other. Mr. Mitra says that the two great pillars on which the Indian Empire rests are the native princes and the native Army—the British Army we suppose does not count. Lord Morley's reforms do not touch either the princes or the Army, and they have very little to recommend them to the hundreds of millions of Indian peasantry. Touching the appointment of a native to the Executive Council, Mr. Mitra urges that a native prince, not a lawyer, should be selected, and he invites Lord Morley to use his powers under Regulation III. of 1818 against not only native evildoers, but any Anglo-Indian who assaults a native. He wants demerits as well as merits to "be considered irrespective and independent of race and colour". Sir Charles Roe is fearful of the meddling of Democracy with India: "it is as unfit to govern that country as retired Indian civilians would be to govern England". The Editor of the "National" in his notes says that our Indian problem is "aggravated by the unrestrained enthusiasm with which Englishmen of all parties hail every outbreak of Parliamentarianism in any corner of the globe". There are two articles on Imperial Defence in the "Nineteenth Century", Major General Russell making it pretty clear that we run more

serious risks of invasion than official optimism will allow, whilst the Earl of Erroll says that Mr. Haldane's 90,000 additional men exist only in the imagination of the Secretary of State: "We have really 80,000 men less to draw upon than we had three years ago, to say nothing of a decrease of 3,000 officers." An Admiral of Fifty Years' Service describes the "remarkable concentration of British naval power in home waters" as the manacling of the fleet, and the manacling will continue "until we organise a home defence army of such numbers and efficiency as to render invasion a hopeless undertaking". In the "Fortnightly" Excubitor points out some of the blessings of naval armaments, and the compensation, commercial and moral, as well as physical, which we get for our outlay on the fleet.

Many of the miscellaneous articles in the Reviews are specially noteworthy. The "English Review" in its second number contains a long "Ballad of Jan Van Hunks", from an unpublished MS. by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; Rossetiana by Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton; a characteristic sketch of Andorra by Mr. Cunningham Grahame; and a Moorish ghost story of the seventeenth century by Vernon Lee. The "English Review" is entering into competition with the other big monthlies only in its editorial articles which occupy barely a third of the issue. In the "Fortnightly" Mr. Stead turns from his dreams of European developments to less tangible, if not to him less real matters, and explains how he knows that the dead return. Mr. Filson Young's account of "The New Poetry" is an eloquent eulogy of Mr. John Davidson. Both the "Fortnightly" and the "Contemporary" contain articles on the old Empress of China, the former by Dr. Dillon, the latter by Mrs. L. H. Hoover. In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. C. E. D. Black advocates the construction of a railway to India from Port Said or Ismailia via the head of the Persian Gulf; Mr. Herbert Paul writes on Milton, and Mr. Lewis Melville on the centenary of Edgar Allen Poe—a subject dealt with at some length in "Scribner's", and briefly in "Munsey's", whilst the romance of Poe and Mrs. Whitman is gone into in detail by the "Century". In "Cornhill"—an excellent number—the Dean of Canterbury has an article on Delane, under whom he wrote "Times" leaders for fifteen years. Those interested in early voyages to Australia will find articles on the subject in "Cornhill" and the "Empire Review"; in the "World's Work" Mr. Carnegie discusses Socialism versus Progress.

For this Week's Books see page 56.



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